

# THE ACADEMY.

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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[New Issue.]

SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1881.

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## UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LIVERPOOL.

The Councils of University College, Liverpool, and of the Liverpool Royal Infirmary school of Medicine are prepared to appoint a PROFESSOR of EXPERIMENTAL PHYSICS in connexion with the above Institutions. The stipend of the Professor will be £400 per annum, together with a share of the Fees. The holder of the Professorship will for the present be required to give instruction in Mathematics, until a separate Chair of Mathematics shall have been endowed. He will also be expected to deliver a Course of Lectures to Evening Classes. Candidates are requested to send in their applications and testimonials not later than JUNE 23rd, 1881, to either of the undersigned.  
W. J. STEWART, 25, Lord-street, Liverpool.  
R. CATON, M.D., 18A, Abercromby-square, Liverpool.

May 18, 1881.

## OWENS COLLEGE, MANCHESTER.

The COUNCIL, having decided to found a new PROFESSORSHIP of APPLIED MATHEMATICS, invite applications from Gentlemen desirous of becoming Candidates. The fixed stipend is £350 per annum, in addition to Two-thirds of the Fees paid by Students. The appointment will date from the 29th September next. Further information respecting the duties of the Professor may be obtained from the PRINCIPAL of the College. Applications and testimonials, addressed to the Council, will be received up to the 31st MAY.

J. HOLME NICHOLSON, Registrar.

## BRIGHTON COLLEGE.

The Office of PRINCIPAL will become VACANT at the end of the present Term. The Council are prepared to receive applications from Gentlemen desirous of the appointment. Candidates must be Clergymen of the Church of England in Priest's Orders, of the degree of Master of Arts at least of one of the Universities of Oxford or Cambridge. Every information may be obtained of the SECRETARY, The College, Brighton, to whom Testimonials must be sent on or before THURSDAY, the 9th of JUNE.

F. W. MADDER, M.B.A.S., Secretary.

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## ROYAL INSTITUTION of GREAT BRITAIN, ALBEMARLE STREET, PICCADILLY, W.

Professor C. E. TURNER, will THIS DAY (SATURDAY) MAY 21, at 3 o'clock, begin a COURSE of FIVE LECTURES on "THE GREAT MODERN WRITERS OF RUSSIA."  
Subscription to this Course, Half-a-Guinea; to all the Courses in the Season, Two Guineas.

## ROYAL SOCIETY of LITERATURE.

The Society will meet on WEDNESDAY, MAY 25th, at 8 P.M. precisely, when a PAPER will be read by MR. C. F. POUND, M.R.S.L., on "THE POPULAR LITERATURE OF OLD JAPAN."  
4, St. Martin's-place, W.C., 1881. W. S. W. VAUX, Sec. R.S.L.

## ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

ANNIVERSARY MEETING, MONDAY, MAY 30, 4 P.M.  
ANNUAL DINNER at WILLIS'S ROOMS, MAY 30, 7 P.M.  
22, Albemarle-street, W. W. S. W. VAUX, Sec. R.A.S.

## ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

The ANNIVERSARY MEETING will be held (by permission of the Chancellor and Senate) in the HALL of the UNIVERSITY of LONDON, BURLINGTON GARDENS, on MONDAY, MAY 22nd, at 2 P.M., the Right Honourable LORD ABERDEEN, President, in the Chair.  
The DINNER will take place at WILLIS'S ROOMS, KING STREET, ST. JAMES'S, at 7 o'clock, on the same day. The Right Honourable LORD ABERDEEN, President, in the Chair.  
Dinner charge, 21s., payable at the Door; or Tickets may be had, and places taken, at 1, Saville-row, Burlington-gardens, up to noon on Saturday, May 21st.  
The Friends of Fellows are admissible to the Dinner.

## LEICESTER SCHOOL of ART, HASTINGS STREET, LEICESTER.

In consequence of the RESIGNATION of the HEAD-MASTER of the above School on October 1st next, the Committee invite APPLICATIONS for the APPOINTMENT. Testimonials and Specimens to be forwarded not later than JUNE 11th, 1881, addressed to  
SAMUEL BARFIELD, Hon. Sec., School of Art, Leicester.

## CORPORATION of LIVERPOOL.—

WALKER ART GALLERY.—The Art and Exhibition Sub-Committee of the Corporation have resolved to offer a PRIZE of TEN GUINEAS for the best Artistic Design for a POSTER announcing their next Autumn Exhibition of Pictures.—Forms of the Conditions and all particulars may be had on application to CHARLES DRAKE, Curator, Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool.

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## TO LITERARY MEN and WOMEN.—

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(First Notice.)

A QUARTER of a century ago, when the lake regions of Central Africa were first opened, Portuguese exploration, which led the van of Europe in the days of Dom Manoel, had been almost entirely abandoned to mulatto slave-dealers and Negroes *pur sang*, the pombeiros (head-porters) who guided caravans. There was a decline even since the end of the last century, when, as told in *The Lands of the Cazembe*, Dr. de Lacerda made his famous journey, and died of it and during it. The men who, like "Prôto" (Silva Porto), preceded Livingstone on the Zambeze thought only of trading and travelling, and their immense experience was not committed to writing. Geographical science in Portugal was chiefly literary. Men of the type of Visconde de Sá de Bandeira revived the past by emptying official pigeon-holes of valuable documents buried under the dust of years, and printing them in the *Annaes Maritimos* and similar publications. It was old age trading on its youth.

The revival of regular exploration dates from 1876, when the Geographical Society of Lisbon established its "Central Permanent Commission." That learned body resolved to utilise the national advantages in South-African exploration. From the Portuguese colonies on either flank of the Dark Continent paths radiate into its very heart; the "Mueneputo" (Lord of Oporto) is a household word among the wildest tribes of the interior; and traces of Portuguese trade were everywhere found by Dr. Livingstone during his glorious first journey (1852-56). Indeed, the celebrated missionary, all whose sympathies lay with the converted and convertible Negro, and all whose antipathies with the Moslems and Christians not of his own sect, contributed not a little to the revival, by openly advocating the annexation of Portuguese territory.

Major Alexandre de Serpa Pinto's expedition, directly resulting from the new order of things, is described in *How I Crossed Africa*, a title somewhat banal, and echoing other books of travel. It is, however, correct, where Capt. (now Col.) Grant's *Walk Across Africa* does not cross Africa. The work is divided into two very unequal parts—"The King's Rifle" (vol. i., and vol. ii. to p. 128) and "The Coillard Family" (vol. ii., p. 129 to

end)—the names being taken from the supposed saviours of the explorer. Physically speaking, the two volumes of large octavo (pp. 377 and 388) are printed in the admirable style which the public expects from Messrs. Sampson Low. The illustrations (ninety-one in vol. i. and thirty-nine in vol. ii.) are excellent; the resemblance of the humans and their monstrous hair-dressing to the sketches of Commander Cameron (*Across Africa*) vouches for their truth; and there is no difficulty about recognising the cardamom (*Amomum grana paradisi*) in the "atundo" (i. 269) and a silurus in the "chinguene" (i. 341). The maps and plans—eight sectional for greater detail, not including a specimen of MS. (i. 237), and one general—all by Mr. Weller—are remarkably good, and would be perfect had the letterpress been read more carefully. The conclusion, which takes the place of an appendix, contains a facsimile of the explorer's MS. (a small and delicate hand, remarkably like Cameron's), the formulae used for calculation, and a vocabulary of Kambundo, Ganguella, and Tete-Kafir, the two latter taken from the well-known volume, *O Muata Cazembe*, by MM. Gamitto (not Gamito) and Monteiro. I should have relegated to the Appendix the two supplementary chapters (vol. i., pp. 216-25; and ii., 105-27): they break the continuity of the narrative, and they are better fitted for geographical and anthropological societies. My friend Guido Cora, of the *Cosmos*, has set an excellent example of drawing a firm line between the popular and the absolutely scientific, including all the ologies. The book ends with an Index of words, and wants a table of dates. Finally, the seventeen months' journey was made in 1877-79; the writing begun in September of the latter year; and the Preface is dated December 1880. The delay was caused by "obstinate illness;" and when we read of the fevers, the meningitis, the rheumatism, the liver attacks, the home-sickness, and the worries undermining life, we are not a little astonished that the book ever was written.

The journey may be divided into three sections of very unequal value. The first, occupying twenty days from the coast to the granite platform of Bihé, has no value, except that it corroborates and supplements Cameron's careful and conscientious work. The ethnological notices are not by an expert; they cannot compare with those of the late Ladislaus Magyar, here one man split in two, and called "Ladislau, Magiar" (ii. 161). Some time ago I translated the *Reisen* of the energetic Hungarian who, between 1849 and 1857, settled and married in Bihé. Thinking very highly of it, as the work of a resident not a traveller, and the pioneer of the Bihé mission lately established by the English, I sent my version to the Royal Geographical Society of London. Unhappily for future travellers, the reply was that German is too commonly read to justify publishing a translation.

Major Serpa Pinto's second section is the pith of the book. It extends from the Bibé highlands some 360 direct geographical miles to the Liambai River, which, with the Cuando, forms the true Zambeze (not Zambesi). Here the formation becomes schistose, like

the Pampas of South America; the surface does not show a stone. The traveller, in fact, is unwittingly crossing the great lacustrine basin suggested by the late Sir Roderick I. Murchison, and verified by Dr. Livingstone. How important will become this water-way may be judged by our explorer's views. Travelling *via* the Zambeze, the Liambai, and the Lungo-i-ungu, the latter heading close to the Coanza-Congo, he would cross the 1,250 miles of Southern Intertropical Africa with only 250 miles (eighteen days) on foot. In this newly opened section we find, traced with a firm hand, and carefully laid down by astronomical and hypsometrical observation, the network of dots which lies to the west and south-west of Dr. Livingstone's line from Linyanti to S. Paulo de Loanda.

The last and third part, down the Liambai and *via* the Transvaal to Durban, derives its scanty interest from our actual relations with the gallant Boers. Geographically speaking, it has no novelty. I am glad, however, to see the author agreeing with me that the civilisation of Africa must come from the merchant rather than the missionary; and that the centres of instruction should be among the smaller tribes, not in the powerful kingdoms, as advocated by others. Finally, the notes on the condition of missionaries (ii. 324) will be highly interesting to those few who would learn the truth. Had an Englishman ventured such opinions the only remark would have been, "Oh! but you're prejudiced." Here, however, an intelligent foreigner and outsider tells all he has seen with fresh eyes. How much the last Boer War was owing to Dr. Livingstone and to men of his cloth is only too evident to those who can read between his lines (*First Journey*, chap. ii.); and this statement we shall presently see distinctly confirmed by Major Serpa Pinto.

And now for the details.

After a prologue, which is long, but not too long, Major Pinto, in company with Lieut. Hermenigildo Capello (R.N.), lands at Loanda in early August 1877; and there he is joined by his third companion, Lieut. Roberto Ivens (R.N.). Had he read the books he names, we should hardly have found him complaining that "all the narratives are singularly wanting in information" concerning outfit, tools, and personal luggage; arms and ammunition; presents, merchandise, and instruments. We have all contributed our shares; and M. Paul du Chailu was almost tediously diffuse on the subject. A sum of £1,760 covered the preliminary expenses, out of a total of £6,600 liberally assigned to the expedition.

The inevitable troubles about carriage at once began, and lasted, as usual, to the very finish. The useless trip to the Congo brought Major Pinto into contact with Mr. Henry M. Stanley, who was fresh from his memorable journey down the Congo-Zaire, and who was carried, with all his party, by the gunboat to Loanda. The older gave the younger traveller the excellent advice "never to pass the night under a native roof." Our explorer then set out for picturesque and pestiferous Benguella, whose climate, he says, has changed for the better; I am certain that nothing could be

worse in 1865. There he met "the old settler, Silva Porto," the best-known European name in the South-African interior. The veteran, who was preparing his notes for publication, lent him generous assistance, with letters and advice, especially the following:—"In the heart of Africa distrust everybody and everything until repeated and irrefutable proofs will allow you to bestow your confidence" (i. 79). Put with a little more neatness, the "principle" is equally applicable to the other three quarters of the globe—at least, such is the experience of most men after the sad tenth lustre. The three companions distributed the work:—Ivens took charge of geography, Capello of meteorology, and Serpa Pinto of general management.

The expedition-caravan left Benguela town with colours flying on November 12, 1877. This was summer and the rainy season. It was to be followed by four hundred porters; and it had some fifty, including fourteen drunken ne'er-do-weels called soldiers, and not including six riding asses, headstrong brutes, like all African animals. There were, however, the ten "Benguela braves" who formed the backbone of the expedition; two of them fell in fight, four followed Capello and Ivens, one lost his senses at the Coanza, and three endured to the end.

The fertile valley of Dombe Grande and the Quillengues (Kwilengues) station were passed without adventure. At the Caconda Fort the explorers met the naturalist, José d'Anchieta. From this point Major Pinto made an excursion to the Cunene River flowing to the south-east. He had originally intended to explore this great stream, which mouths as the "Nourse River." The line still awaits inspection; and good work would be done by ascending it to the upper lakes, returning *via* the Swakop River to Walfisch Bay. At Caconda the party separated, and Major Pinto marched on alone. Here, too, his compatriots, settled in the interior, made all arrangements for his utter and complete failure. These obstacles will last as long as Africa is bounded by mountains and by middlemen, who buy cheap from the blacks and sell dear to the whites. I had personal experience of the prejudice against *quiescere* among the traders of Zanzibar; and I know that all the troubles on the Nun, or Lower Niger, were originally brought about by the English agents in the Brass River.

The most notable point was the passage of the upper waters of the Cubango, the great artery which heads, like the Cunene, in the highlands of Bihé, receives the Cuito (Kwito) and a host of affluents, and dies of drought in the Ngami Lake. The section ended at Silva Porto's thatched cottage, Belmonte, in Bihé, mentioned by Cameron. The march up the glorious plateau, which rises to a height of 5,500 and even 8,200 feet, records little beyond fever and rheumatism; the Mucanos (*avaries*) of all; the insolence of chiefs; perpetual troubles with the "insubordinate rascals" who carried, robbed, and abandoned the packs; and, last but not least, African thunder-storms and tropical rain-drenchings. The only risks were from the charge of a "buffalo" (*Bos capri*), from the attack on a village to recover stolen goods, and from a squabble with a bullying headman. The

Bihénos are described as "profoundly vicious:" they are, however, like the Wanyamwezi, born travellers and explorers, who have covered every practicable line in the interior. Their cannibalism is sporadic, as is that of the Gaboon Mpangwe (Fans); and, like these people, they are outliers of the great anthropophagous race which occupies the vast white blot in Central Africa. If they have distributed the general "medicine-man" into three, the medico proper, the rain-maker, and the sorcerer, or rather poisoner, they are progressing—the wrong way. And here the reader will regret that Ladislaus Magyar's admirable account of the religion, manners, and customs of the Bihé people has not been consulted. Had the author done so, we should have read more about the "ghost" and less about the "soul."

The three companions met once more among the roses and oranges of Belmonte. After this Capello and Ivens faded out of the story, and set out to visit the Coanza. There had evidently been some unpleasantness about forwarding the luggage; but the author is reserved upon the subject, and we cannot do better than imitate him.

Despite the perpetual struggle between latitude and altitude, and the alternate victories of burning suns by day and chilling winds by night, Serpa Pinto found his health and strength improve. He had a long rest, for the porters who left Benguela in November did not reach him till early May. He now formed the plucky resolution of marching upon the Upper Zambeze. His men seem to have deserted as fast as they came in; but he was aided by that José Alves who figures so unpleasantly in Cameron's book; and he won respect by flogging a white slave. Still he had to destroy sixty-one loads: had he distributed them among the carriers these men would have wanted more; and had he left his goods among the natives other carriers would have been persuaded to desert. Thus he was reduced to a party of seventy-two.

On June 6 the camp at Bihé was broken up; and on the 9th our explorer made the beautiful Coanza affluent of the Congo-Zaire, "winding through a plain from a mile and a half to two miles broad, enclosed on either side by gentle green slopes clothed with trees." The description of its transparent waters, flowing over unsullied white sand, reminds us of Southern Abyssinia.

Immediately east of Bihé lies the previously unexplored land of the Quimbândé tribe, watered by the Cuime, Varéa, Onda, and other head-streams of the Coanza. Here begins the new land of clayey schist and mica-slate contrasting with the plutonics of Bihé; and the traveller is now falling into the great lacustrine basin, whose rivers, flowing south, have no cataracts. The country is charming, suggesting the well-worn simile of the "English park." The "trees are perfectly splendid, and the summits of the lofty hills which border the Varéa River are very richly wooded; beyond it the wealth of vegetation is, if possible, even greater." The illustration of Lake Liguri (fig. 44) certainly bears out the enthusiasm. The local productions are sugar-cane and castor (much used for hair-oil), beans and manioc, wax and cereals. Among the latter, the massango, or

pennisetum, curiously called "canary-seed," comes in for the author's hardest language: it is horrible, abominable, and almost cursed. Iron is everywhere plentiful; and among the growths we must not forget that "terrible hymenopter," the Quissonde ant (*F. atrox*?): coloured a light chestnut, and one-eighth of an inch long. It draws blood, and puts caravans to flight.

The Quimbândé is a clan of the great Ganguella family. Their features are sub-"Caucasian," and somewhat Jewish. Yet they are a lazy, useless race, very unlike the energetic Bihénos; and their "tendency in the direction of body-clothing" is not pronounced. The *coiffure* is in the usual elaborate style, which takes two days to build and lasts two months: I would suggest that it is simply an imitation of the European billycock and its congeners. The drink is *capata*, Quimbombo or Chimbombo beer, the *pombe* of Unyamwezi, made into potent "bingunde" ale by adding honey and powdered hops. East of the Quimbândé lie the Lucháze; and to the south-east of the latter are the Ambuellas, who are described as the best specimens of the race.

Crossing the Bitovo rivulet, one year after taking leave of his father, the explorer remarks that the waters are flowing to the Zambeze, and sentimentalises upon the "snapping of the tie" that united him to the Western Coast. Presently (July 10) he ascends the Cassara Caiéira Mountain, 5,298 feet high; sees a magnificent panorama, and discovers the "unpretending sources" of the mighty Cuando or river of Linyanti. They head near those of the Cuime-Coanza-Congo and the Cuito-Cubango of Ngami. The exact position is in E. long. 18° 58' and S. lat. 13° (round numbers), some 375 miles from the Western and 1,500 from the Eastern Coast. The altitude is 4,470 feet above sea-level, and the thermometer fell to 2° Cent. The marsh source, shown in the plan (i. 285), has its longer axis disposed from west-north-west to east-south-east; and the young river issues from the latter point to become "one of the largest influents of the Zambesi." The first to canoe down the Cuando was the veteran Silva Porto, who embarked his goods upon the head-water called Cuchibi, and descended safely to Linyanti, in 1849. Hence, probably, the "Chobe River"—a name, we are told, absolutely unknown to the people—applied to the Cuando by Dr. Livingstone.

The Cuando flows through a "sponge" rich in leeches, and speedily becomes navigable. Here the river-beds are of two varieties—either clean sand, or sand overspread with marsh-mud. The latter produces a luxuriant growth of aquatic plants, forming islands, floating meadows, and virgin forests of nenuphar and Victoria-regia. Here we have again Capt. Speke's bridges of water-lilies and the well-known Sadd (wall, or dam) on the Upper Nile. An instance of the clear bottom is the Cuchibi River, which flows through a dry valley, with long sweeps and without "water-gardens." The explorer reached it on July 25, after floating down the Cubangui River in his mackintosh boat, and crossing the water-shed, a virgin forest perfumed with the delicate papilionaceous Otico. He had now passed from the Lucháze



to the Ambuellas country. Lions were heard, but no elephants had yet been seen. We are told of a feline (*Leopardus jubatus*), apparently purblind, which uses its ears in preference to its eyes. There are also interesting notes concerning the Quichóbi or Buzi, a ruminant apparently semi-amphibious. This antelope has some resemblance in manners to the hippopotamus; dives deep and sleeps under water. As might be expected, the meat is poor.

On the Cuchibi insubordination was abated by cracking a Pombeiro's pate. "Wounds in the head, if they do not kill at once, soon heal up." From this point the traveller made a most interesting visit to a camp of the Mucassequere people (S. lat. 13°). They are certainly the Kasekel or Mukánkala of Magyar and the "Kasekere or Bushmen" of Dr. Livingstone, who probably learned the name from Silva Porto. This forest tribe feed on honey, game (including white ants), and roots; they are abjectly miserable, ignoring huts, clothing, cultivation, and salt; and their only arms are bows and arrows. The explorer defines their relation to their Ambuella neighbours as that of savages to barbarians; and, judging from their peculiar intonation and their dirty-yellow skins, he concludes that they belong to the "Hottentot branch of the Ethiopic race." He omits, however, to notice the steatopygia, or the apron; and he is unable to offer even a sketch. The subject is most interesting. Many travellers have advanced the theory that the so-called aborigines once extended from Hottentot-land about the Cape deep into the northern country, and we shall hear more upon this subject.

Major Pinto was received well, and perhaps a little too well, by old Moene Cahu-héu-úé, chief sova (headman) of the Ambuellas, a race of canoe-men who build upon aits and river-reaches. He at once sent his two fine daughters—Opudo, the haughty, and Capén, the languishing—whose "frankness" of hospitality was much scandalised, we are told, by his "austere life." The temptation is described as considerable; but the two likenesses (i. figs. 72, 73) seem rather to suggest that it would be easy to resist such charms. The reader is referred to the original (i. 329) for an account how the virtuous cavalry-man was saved by "little Mariana." Only fair to note that the *spretæ injuriæ forma* bred no bad blood in the fair black and sub-Caucasian breast, and that the explorer was not taught *furens quid femina possit*. His offence was great: he had preferred to all sweeter offers "a pot of Lisbon marmalade left by some Biheno trader." Yet the gallant girls accompanied him for a considerable distance in command of his carriers, and bade him a friendly adieu.

The sova's Court proved to be a kind of Capua, like Unyamwezián Kazeh when I first visited it. To prevent his little party being utterly demoralised, Major Pinto took leave on August 4, and struck eastward with southing towards the place where the Libu and the Lungo-é-ungo influents have anastomosed to form the Liambai-Zambeze. The line lay through a "desert;" that is, a depopulated country; fertile and healthy, near the western hills where the Ninda River rises; and swampy and malarious about the River

Nhengo, which is the lower course of the Ninda. Here he was approaching the very source of fever; yet the river plain is 3,320 feet above sea-level. The place abounded in lions, which shows an abundance of game; the king of beasts develops his best only in countries like the Atlas, where he can pull down as much cattle as he wants, or in South Africa, where antelopes play the part of cattle. The "buffalos" were as much dreaded as the lions; clouds of flies added discomfort; and the morasses so took energy out of the party that the explorer, who has scant trust in his luck, began to despair. He had just determined that a man must be "angel or devil" to explore Africa, when "a stranger man, followed by a woman and two lads, came from the bush, and, paying no heed to the dogs, entered the encampment, and, giving a rapid glance round, advanced and seated himself" at the explorer's feet. He proved to be Caiumbuca, the boldest of the Bihé traders, the old Pombeiro of Silva Porto, known from the Nyangwe to Lake Ngami; and strongly recommended by his previous employer. This was dawn breaking at the darkest time, and changing as by magic the condition of the camp. But it was a "false dawn." Caiumbuca was the last card played by the Portuguese settlers of Bihé; and, worse still, Major Pinto forgot his principle of universal suspicion. The conjuncture was ominous.

After killing an enormous crocodile, the explorer crossed the mighty stream, of which the boatmen used to sing half-a-century ago—

"The Liambai! nobody knows  
Whence it comes and whither it goes."

The explorer was received at Lialui, the capital, by Lobossi, king of the Luinas, or Barotse, with a "programme" and a display of 1200 warriors. Everything was unpleasantly civilised in Lui or Ungunga (Barotse-land), the "vast empire of South Tropical Africa." And here, with an "undefined presentiment of evil," ends (August 24, 1878) the first volume, and with it end the geographical novelties of the journey.

RICHARD F. BURTON.

*Essays and Phantasies.* By James Thomson, Author of "The City of Dreadful Night, and other Poems," &c. (Reeves & Turner.)

It is impossible to criticise this volume without a feeling of what Carlyle used to call "sorrowful dubiety;" first, because the extremely heterogeneous character of its contents makes it hard to appreciate as a whole; secondly, because, when a veiled and sardonic humour appears heavy, ill-sustained, and dull to the critic, he cannot but remember that *Sartor Resartus* also seemed so on its first appearance; lastly, because a writer so warmly commended and encouraged by "George Eliot" as Mr. Thomson has been must have spiritual qualities and insight of no common kind. She, we may feel assured, did not lightly ascribe such qualities as "distinct vision and grand utterance."

The book may be divided into three parts—(1) Prose-poetry; (2) Theology; (3) Literary Criticism. Of these, the first—as exhibited in

the opening piece, called "A Lady of Sorrow"—seems to be a very able but, at the same time, a very labourled imitation of De Quincey. "A Lady of Sorrow" is a dream of bereaved solitude in London. And there is pathos and poetry, too, in the description of Sorrow, personified first as the Angel—the "image in beatitude of her who died so young"—then as the Siren, the blind and sorry impulse that drives her victim, a second Faust, through a weary round of gaudy but debasing pleasures, very happily compared to the tavern of Omar Khayyam, till the world is "laughed back into chaos;" finally, as the Shadow, the veiled goddess of Despair, the "dominant metamorphosis" of Sorrow. The style is that of De Quincey, but the voice is that of Heine or Leopardi. Whether pessimism has a sound philosophy may be a question; that it has a real poetry cannot be doubted. The only criticism I should venture to make on this part of Mr. Thomson's work is that it is dream-literature without the *persuasiveness* of dreams. The unforgettable charm of works like De Quincey's *Dream-Fugue*, or Coleridge's *Kubla Khan*, is that they combine the fantasticality of dreams with their apparently effortless reality; surprising as they are in our waking hours, they never surprise the dreamer. This quality is not reached by Mr. Thomson. His work reminds one rather of such works as George MacDonald's *Phantasies*, or *Alton Locke*, where dream-land is reproduced rather by eloquence and literary force than by the indefinable touch of inspired personal experience.

The second, or theological, side of the volume is mainly represented by a long essay entitled "Proposals for the Speedy Extinction of Evil and Misery." This essay is introduced by a wearisome mystification, wherein the question of the author's sanity is raised, the verdict of the critics forestalled by parodying their manner, and counsel is darkened and comprehension obscured by a tiresome indirectness. The essay itself is a long pessimistic diatribe against Christianity and most other religions, against modern politics and social arrangements, without any tangible suggestion for their amendment—unless the absurd oracle that Nature can be coerced by a threat of universal suicide on the part of Man be considered such. The ruling influence is clearly that of Swift, for whom Mr. Thomson elsewhere (pp. 281-88) expresses his profound admiration. But of that great writer's bitter sincerity, his "saeva indignatio," his intense pity for the miseries and inequalities of the human lot, there is here no trace. One power of Swift's—that of producing nausea by a single phrase—Mr. Thomson has got indeed. With apologies to the readers of the ACADEMY, I present an instance of this. The eulogies of the dead, in a certain journal, are said (p. 97) to be so "rancidly unctuous that . . . the corpse of the victim thus lubricated has turned and vomited its heart up in the grave." If this is a specimen of the invective of the kingly pessimistic man of the future, one may be allowed a satisfaction, hitherto unfelt, that one lives in the days of the journal thus assailed.

So ugly a lapse in taste and feeling might be pardoned if it stood alone. I am con-

strained to say that in this essay it has parallels. The very thought of certain religious doctrines—particularly that of the Trinity—seems to goad the writer to a veritable frenzy of abuse. On p. 70 this culminates in a description of that doctrine which must be called physically revolting. It is too long and too nasty for extraction. Mr. Thomson writes like a person exoriated beyond endurance by facile and popular orthodoxy, till in sheer desperation he breaks into offensiveness. But in truth, if a new temple be required, it is better to unbuild than to shatter the old one. Mr. Thomson's sketch of Christianity is just such a distempered picture as is so often and so harmfully drawn by orthodox hands and labelled Doubt, or Coitism, or Free-thinking. The picture is a hopeless daub, but the *animus* of the artist is provoking—then follow reprisals, and all is obscured in abusive polemics. But the victory will be to that side that comes to comprehend its opponent best, not that which abuses him most loudly. Neither can the heavy humour, which here and there gives a touch of irony to the essay, succeed in redeeming it from polemical dullness. "A committee of seven archangels" (p. 66). "Jesus Christ hauling up an editor into heaven" (p. 64). There is taste and style! "Humanity and even womanity" (p. 69). "A new Jerusalem—as if one wasn't enough!" There is humour and satire! Serious or ironical, this essay only proves to what level a writer of great power may sink if he is determined to think everything worthless which is imperfect. Mr. Leslie Stephen has recently protested against "the most important of all controversies being tainted with a flavour of vulgarity." And the protest is applicable to literature as well as to politics.

It is pleasant to turn from this kind of work to the more purely literary part of the volume. The panegyric of Spenser's poetry (pp. 177–89) shows fine critical insight, though it is hard to realise the justice of the last two pages, which seem to ascribe to Spenser a carnal, antinomian, defiant mood; no examples of which are given, nor would it, I think, be easy to find them. Very happy also is the definition of G. Meredith as "the Browning of our novelists." "A Word for Xantippe" misconceives, I think, the problem from the outset. The grievances of Xantippe, great or small, were only in a very limited degree peculiar to herself. Most Greek women were so treated, and individuals would hardly have felt themselves wronged. In the translation (p. 222) of the closing scene of Plato's *Symposium*, the word *karadapheû*, rendered "awoke," means exactly the opposite. And has Mr. Thomson authority for the statement (p. 133) that Shakspeare left off literary production when he retired to Stratford? Certainly the contrary opinion is widely entertained. The influence of Dante is very traceable, particularly in the final essay, "In our Forest of the Past." It is only by a play of fancy, however, that Mr. Thomson calls him "Dante Durante, the long-enduring Giver." Dante never meant "the Giver;" the name is only an abbreviation of Durante.

In fine, the general character of Mr.

Thomson's book seems to me to be as follows:—The poetry is good, though of a somewhat laboured sombreness. The literary criticism is keen and striking. The theology, and especially the humour applied to the theology, is deplorably vulgar.

E. D. A. MORSEHEAD.

*A Supplement to Tischendorf's Reliquiae ex incendio ereptae Codicis celeberrimi Cottoniani.* Edited by Frederic William Gotch, M.A., LL.D., President of the Baptist College, Bristol. (Williams & Norgate.)

Of all the MSS. of the Cottonian Library which the disastrous fire of 1731 destroyed, there is none whose loss is to be more regretted than that of the volume known as the Cotton Genesis. This MS. was one of the very few Greek codices adorned with paintings which have been preserved to modern times. In comparison with its fellow-codex, the fragmentary Genesis of the Imperial Library at Vienna, it was superior in every way. It was more perfect, and more ancient, being, in fact, of the fifth or sixth century; and the art of its paintings was undoubtedly of a higher order. It was brought into England in the reign of Henry VIII., to whom it is said to have been presented by two Greek bishops from Philippi. Queen Elizabeth gave it to her preceptor in Greek, Sir John Fortescue, who, in his turn, gave it to Sir Robert Cotton. That great collector was not illiberal in lending his books; and even this precious volume was made no exception. Cotton entrusted it to Thomas Earl of Arundel, so famous as the patron of art, in 1631, and the Earl never returned it. Its subsequent fate makes us wish that the borrowed book had rested quietly ever after in the Arundel Library. But this was not to be. It descended to Lord Arundel's second son, Viscount Stafford, from whose widow Sir John Cotton purchased it again, some half-century after it had left Sir Robert's hands, and replaced it on its shelf, where it met its doom. Of the original 165 leaves of which the MS. was formed, only some 150 blackened and shrunken fragments, some of them hardly an inch square, remain in the Cotton collection; and the text which survived in them is known by its publication by Tischendorf in his *Monumenta Sacra Inedita*. But Tischendorf's work was not perfect; he made mistakes in his readings—perhaps a pardonable fault when dealing with fragments scarcely legible; and he also omitted to include certain fragments which had found their way to the Baptist College at Bristol in 1784 along with the bequeathed library of Dr. Andrew Gifford, a Baptist minister in London and an assistant librarian in the British Museum. The presence of these fragments among Dr. Gifford's books was, no doubt, an accident. Their existence, however, was known by means of the engravings of twenty fragments of the MS., among which some of the Bristol remains appeared, in the *Vetusta Monumenta*, published in 1747. By comparing the Bristol fragments (which, since their arrival in the Baptist College, had passed for "pieces of the Septuagint said to have been found in

the ruins of the city of Herculaneum") with the plates of the *Vet. Mon.*, Dr. Gotch identified them as belonging to the Cottonian MS. It is the text of these fragments, together with corrections of Tischendorf's misreadings, that Dr. Gotch now publishes. By adopting the same type and the same form as Tischendorf, the editor has produced, in the most literal sense, a supplement which those who possess the *Monumenta Sacra* will be glad also to have.

E. MAUNDE THOMPSON.

*Lectures on Teaching.* Delivered in the University of Cambridge. By J. G. Fitch, M.A. (Cambridge: At the University Press.)

THIS book, though of a professional character, has in it several points of interest for the general public. It is the first-fruits of the courses of lectures which Cambridge now provides for those who think of becoming teachers. Mr. Fitch was naturally one of the first lecturers appointed; and his great success in getting and keeping an audience of over a hundred, to which each sex contributed about equally, went beyond the hopes even of the most sanguine friends of the new experiment. These lectures, which were so well received at Cambridge, are now published by the Syndics of the University Press. In giving them to the public, Mr. Fitch has made a valuable contribution to our literature in a department where it is sadly defective. No doubt the Cambridge lectures will in time do much to supply what is lacking; and we shall no longer have to turn to Germany, America, or France to find an educational literature worthy of the name. We should be fortunate indeed, if each year gave us a volume or two at all worthy to succeed this first publication.

I suppose most people, even teachers, take it for granted that a book about education, in all or any of its branches, must be a very dry book; but whoever thinks this cannot have read Rousseau's *Emile* or Herbert Spencer's *Education*, not to mention many other works of less importance than these, but no less free from the reproach of dullness. Carlyle is never tired of asserting that the sole requisite for good speech is the having something to say. "L'art de parler," sings Béranger, "est le plus sot des arts." But is it so? What is the use of having something to say if your manner of saying it is so clumsy that nobody will listen to you? Occasionally, indeed, a work like Butler's *Analogy*, or Campbell on the *Atonement*, will contain so much original thought that it will attract fit readers, if few, in spite of the gravest defects in expression. But the function of most didactic writers is not to tell us what no one thought before, but to put clearly and well what is known to the few, and thus to bring it home to the many. This is especially true of writers on professional subjects. "He is a poor workman who can't talk about his trade," says the German proverb. And no doubt there are hundreds of able schoolmasters in this country who know their business, and, after a fashion, could talk about it; but, unless I am much mistaken, there are few indeed who could talk about it



as Mr. Fitch does. He has a singularly easy and pleasing style; and this has enabled him to write a book a great part of which could hardly fail to interest the general reader, and will still more interest the professional student for whom it was written.

To my thinking, the book is all the better for being a course of lectures, and, as Mr. Fitch emphatically tells us, not a "manual of method." Not being hampered with any notion of completeness, he has been able to enlarge on matters which he especially cares for and pass over others which were less attractive. This surely is the right plan after all. When the writer is not interested himself, he has no chance of interesting his readers; and whatever we take in without interest is of no use except to "satisfy the examiner."

The great value of the book, then, according to my judgment of it, arises from its being interesting. Once interest your young teacher in the theoretical side of his calling, and, instead of allowing himself to become simply a piece of the school machinery, he will be conscious of all sorts of problems to get solved, will think of new experiments to try, and will see before him the possibility of constant improvement. Head-masters often complain that young men, when they become teachers, fancy that they have nothing to learn. This is a state of mind which is pretty sure to be shaken by such lectures as Mr. Fitch's. Young teachers (and old teachers too) may learn much from this volume, but they may gain from it a still greater good than any fresh information—they may get a notion how much there is to learn.

Now that an English university is following in the wake of the universities of the Continent, and providing lectures for teachers, it is to be hoped that we shall be prepared to take the experience of the Continent into account in educational matters, and not be for ever blessing "the narrow seas that keep it off." When we insist on going our own way, we commonly have to retrace our steps, and then bring up the rear on the high road. I am sorry, therefore, to see that Mr. Fitch affects insularity even in his use of terms. He tells us that the term "secondary school" in France, Germany, and Switzerland covers all the institutions which lie between the elementary school and the university (p. vi.), and then he divides schools below the university into "primary, secondary, and high schools." This new use of the word "secondary" is not only confusing, but, as it seems to me, quite unnecessary. Schools of the intermediate grade are easily spoken of by their usual name—middle schools. In one or two other matters I observe a departure from Continental usage. It is surely a pity to make fresh demands on a word which is overtasked already; yet Mr. Fitch speaks of "what we may call the 'real' elements of a school course" (p. 45); and the meaning he then gives this too common word is not at all in harmony with its use in Germany—a use which we also find in the early English writers on education. To pass from words to things, Mr. Fitch says "It is the result of modern experience that the head teacher in every school ought to be

responsible for the choice of each of his own assistants" (p. 26). In this *ex cathedra* announcement Mr. Fitch entirely ignores the experience of the Continent.

I have said already that teachers will find this book extremely interesting; but perhaps those who are in search of "tips," either for the examination hall or for the school-room, will be somewhat disappointed, and will complain that it is "not a good book for writing out." The constant tendency of the teacher is to settle down contentedly with some mechanical method which use makes easy to him. This book is a long warning against this tendency in all its forms. "Teaching," says Mr. Fitch, "like all other work, becomes ennobled and beautified in exact proportion to the zeal and effort, sympathy and love, we put into it." It is this firm conviction that the teacher should for life have "love and thought companions of his way," which expresses itself in these lectures even in the discussion of the common work of the school-room. The subjects of the curriculum, as recommended by Mr. Fitch, are much as usual; but he would not limit the child's thoughts to the school-room and to the mental pabulum there provided. He sees the need which all children, rich and poor alike, have of books which are not school-books. "After all," says he, "it is the main business of a primary school, and, indeed, a chief part of the business of every school, to awaken a love of reading, and to give children pleasant associations with the thought of books" (pp. 84, 85). Here is a startling educational heresy! The orthodox doctrine has, as far as I know, never been formulated; but, judging from ordinary scholastic practice, I suppose it to be something of this kind: "It is a chief part of the business of every school to produce a distaste for reading, and to give children unpleasant associations with the thought of books." Against such orthodoxy as this Cambridge will, I trust, war like another Wittenberg; and I therefore heartily welcome Mr. Fitch's recommendation that there should be a lending library attached to every primary school, and that the selection of books should not be confined "to what are technically called 'good books.'" Mr. Fitch's advice on this subject is so excellent that I cannot resist quoting it:

"Do not forget that, beyond the region of mere information about these things [i.e., general knowledge], there is the whole domain of wonderland, of fancy, of romance, of poetry, of dreams and fairy tales. Do not let us 'think scorn of that pleasant land,' or suppose that all the fruit in the garden of the Lord grows on the tree of knowledge. Wonder, curiosity, the sense of the infinite, the love of what is vast and remote, of the strange and picturesque—all these things, it is true, are not knowledge in the school sense of the word. But they are capable in due time of being transformed into knowledge—nay, into something better than knowledge—into wisdom and insight and power" (pp. 86, 87).

In a journal not intended specially for schoolmasters, I refrain from any minute criticisms of Mr. Fitch's suggestions for the school-room. I could, no doubt, find points where I do not agree with him; and on these, were I writing anonymously, I might lay down the law in a dignified and impressive manner.

But with my name no one would care for a mere announcement of divergence, and discussion is a lengthy business. I will therefore content myself with stating my firm belief that this book will contribute in no small degree to the success of the university's new undertaking, an undertaking of which the object has been so well expressed by Mr. Fitch himself—"to make the work of honest learning and of noble teaching simpler, more effective, and more delightful to the coming generations."

R. H. QUICK.

#### NEW NOVELS.

*Two Pretty Girls.* By Mary A. Lewis. In 3 vols. (Bentley.)

*Sydney.* By Georgiana M. Craik. In 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

*Autobiography of Mark Rutherford, Dissenting Minister.* (Trübner.)

*David Broome, Artist.* By Mrs. O'Reilly. In 3 vols. (Sampson Low.)

*Two Pretty Girls* is a slight, but very pleasantly readable, society-novel, describing a pair of well-contrasted young ladies, remotely connected with each other, who are invited to take up their abode with a dowager viscountess, kinswoman to both, who acts as their *chaperon*. Maude Loder, one of the pair, is an orphan heiress, refined and cultivated; Christine Ransome, the other, is the eldest of a family of girls who, with their mother, are vulgar in thoughts and ways, and have all the disadvantages of middle-class poverty to contend with. Christine is the best of the flock, but distinctly of a lower mental and moral type than Maude, with more sensuousness of nature and more selfishness of aim, but yet having capacities for good in her. The love-affairs of both young ladies are a little troubled at first, Maude by letting herself become attached to a worthless scamp, Christine by temptation to marry a very wealthy, but intensely vulgar, cousin; but both come all right in the end. There is, in truth, little attempt at making an elaborate story; but the various characters are fairly, though lightly, sketched in. Such types as Lady Loder, a good-humoured, tolerant, liberal, outspoken, and, withal, frankly selfish woman of society; Eustace Simmonds, the hard-up man about town; and Mrs. Ransome, the fat motherly vulgarian, though presented for the thousandth time, do not fatigue the reader, because they are freshened and individualised by a few distinguishing touches. There are many shrewd remarks, too, scattered throughout the volume, sometimes as expressions of the author's own opinions, but occasionally worked into the dialogue. An instance in point is where there is a discussion of the virtues of a good hostess, and one speaker observes that she needs a couple of vices also to be quite perfect—namely, to be greedy and fond of gossip, for then she will provide good dinners and plenty of small-talk. There is some careless and slipshod writing here and there; and, in particular, the disagreeable solecism "different to" is of frequent occurrence, and the more blameably because the author, by using that phrase correctly in one place to mean "different towards," shows that she does know better.

*Sydney* is one of its author's less elaborated stories, and is on a well-worn theme—that of a girl compelled by family ruin to abandon the hopes she had begun to form of a love-marriage, and to accept a comparatively elderly friend, whom she had known from her childhood, as her husband, though without feeling any stronger sentiment in his favour than respect and esteem. He, on his part, has been passionately attached to her for many years before declaring himself; and his exacting affection, making incessant calls on her time and attention, and leaving her scarcely a moment to herself, irritates her naturally cold and reserved temper into something like aversion. A change is brought about, however, by the intervention of his married sister, home on furlough from India, who, being a lively, shrewd, and managing woman, luckily sees how the land lies, and counsels a little wholesome neglect to make the lady, cloyed with too much sweetness, experience the pangs of jealousy instead. Accordingly, Mrs. Walkinshaw, with the sweetest air of doing for Sydney only what she would like best, entirely monopolises Mr. Loudoun, even to the extent of assuming the rights and privileges of mistress of the house, and of breaking in upon every interview of husband and wife, to carry off the former for some quite unnecessary purpose. This regimen produces the desired effect, though at the cost of a hearty dislike which Sydney takes to her too ingenious sister-in-law; and the cure is completed by a dangerous accident which consigns Mr. Loudoun for a time to a London hospital, where his wife obtains permission to assist in nursing him, and where, indeed, he still remains at the last page in the third volume, though nearly ready for liberation. The book is almost entirely a study of two or three characters, and has but a slight thread of story to connect them; but it is written with the ease and facility of a long-practised novelist, who knows her public and can be trusted not to weary it.

*Mark Rutherford* is a remarkable book which could not have been written at all till within the last very few years. It professes to be the autobiography of an ex-Nonconformist minister, published by a friend after his death, when, having passed from Congregationalism to Unitarianism, and thence into Agnosticism, he succumbs, after quitting the pastorate, still comparatively young, to the attacks of consumption. The distinguishing peculiarity of the book, marking it off from many not dissimilar narratives, real and fictitious, which have been published at intervals for many years past, is that the doubter is represented as never sure of his very doubts themselves, nor at all convinced that he is in the right path in his negations any more than he had been in his affirmations. The sceptic who is perfectly convinced that what he has left behind is erroneous, and that, at any rate, in so leaving it he has done well, even though he cannot say what lies before him, is a sufficiently frequent type in fact and in literature; but the sceptic haunted by an uneasy suspicion that the right may lie with his former beliefs, and yet quite unable, intellectually and morally, to project himself backwards into them even for a moment's

hypothetical re-examination, is a child of the present day alone in the annals of human thought, so far as recorded. And it is the vivid portraiture of the working of such a mind, supersensitive, somewhat narrowly logical, but capable of much paralogism through lack of breadth in its major premisses, and fitted only to think *about* subjects, instead of thinking *through* them, which constitutes the merit of the small book before us. The mere external incidents of the biography, though told with simplicity and vigour, do not set before us the image of lower-middle-class Nonconformity with any novelty of fact or wording (except in the sketch of the curious intellectual deadness of a small rural Unitarian congregation). But the workings of the ideal narrator's mind are bared for us with considerable skill; and every now and then we come upon an aphorism in which some point of morals or religion is brought into salient relief in a few terse and weighty words. The one stage of Mark Rutherford's progression which is left somewhat obscure is his passage out of Congregationalism into Unitarianism, perhaps because this process is so extremely common in all the older Calvinistic societies as to be taken for granted; but the narrative would gain in clearness and consistency if this part had been expanded. We do get the key-note, indeed, by learning that it was the pantheism of Wordsworth's "Lyrical Ballads" which first put a new set of religious ideas into the young student's mind; but more is needed to show their development. It is a highly suggestive booklet, and not in the least intended for the ordinary novel-reader.

Mrs. O'Reilly is not at her best in her new story. In the first place, she does not really carry out the promise of the title-page. The hero is, indeed, an artist by profession; and a picture of a Kentish woodland scene, which he paints early in the story, and which lays the foundation of his fortunes, is often mentioned. But, beyond this one incident, there is nothing to remind us of his calling, for he does not display anything of the artistic temperament; nor would it make the smallest difference to the plot if he had been described as a surgeon, a journalist, or a half-pay officer. His actual function in the book is to show the influence of a thoroughly religious and unworldly character over persons of a coarser and more selfish type, who are won over, first to unwilling admiration, and then to amendment. Notably is this the case with Norman Drake, a cousin who had betrayed and ruined him early in life, taking from him at one stroke his betrothed and his fortune, but not learning till many years later that his agency in the matter had been known to his victim almost from the first, without having moved him for an instant to revenge, or even to hostility. The artist consoles himself with another young lady, to whom he has borne a quasi-fatherly and tutorial relation from her childhood. But, contrary to the usual rule where this situation occurs in novels, he is quite unaware of his own affections till roused by her dangerous illness to recognise what her loss would be to him; whereas she is fully alive to her feelings on the subject, and rejects

two other eligible suitors for his sake. There is an underplot of a scheme of revenge carried out against Drake by the sister of his first wife by a secret marriage, who owes him a grudge on her husband's account, and kidnaps the child of that marriage, with the view of training the boy as a thief in order to disgrace his father; but David Broome's influence brings all that right too. It seems a grave fault, however, in smoothing everything at the end, that as Lilian, the wife of the wicked cousin, is represented as a haughty woman with a passionate temper, long jarring with her husband's morbid and bitter disposition, the discovery that she had originally been sought by him for her money alone, that she had been deceived by a forged letter charging this very motive on Broome, and that Drake did not know, when he married her, nor for years after, that he was not committing bigamy, does not entirely destroy her affection by making respect impossible. On the contrary, they at once begin to live like a pair of turtle-doves—a transformation more impossible than the conversion of Ebenezer Scrooge in the *Christmas Carol*.

RICHARD F. LITTLEDALE.

#### RECENT SCHOOL BOOKS.

"OBRUIMUR NUMERO" must be our excuse for delay and brevity in noticing the more important volumes of the pile now lying before us. The production of school-books is in these days so rapid that it is by no means easy for a reviewer to keep pace with it. Many, no doubt, are worthless, and may well be left unnoticed. But, unfortunately, it takes time to discover their worthlessness; and this time has to be deducted from the time which we would gladly devote to the examination of works possessing real merit. Several such have come before us lately—books which we are really sorry to dismiss with such cursory notice as it is alone possible for us to give them.

Among the recent volumes in the series of "School Class Books" (Macmillan) we notice, first, a very attractive-looking edition, by Prof. Tyrrell, of the *Miles Gloriosus* of Plautus. As an introduction to the study of Plautus this book should prove invaluable. The labours of Ritschl, Langen, Brix, and others are here duly recorded and utilised; and the many difficult questions of early Latin diction and prosody are discussed with quite sufficient completeness, yet within a reasonable compass. Besides all this (which, however, would of itself entitle the edition to rank among the most valuable of recent school-books), Prof. Tyrrell claims, with justice, to have supplied scholars and critics with such an adequate apparatus *criticus*, as has hitherto only existed in the edition of Ritschl, long since out of print.

Prof. Mayor contributes to the same series *Book III. of Pliny's Letters*. Advanced students will find this book only less valuable than the author's well-known editions of Juvenal. It furnishes not only a complete digest of all that is most worthy of preservation in the lengthy commentaries of many earlier editors, but also a mass of information—the result of Prof. Mayor's own extensive reading and research—on points of language and antiquities, as to which the teaching of lexicons and manuals has often been imperfect, and not seldom demonstrably untrue. Yet it is impossible to consider the volume as an ideal school-book. The commentary, though a marvel of compression, is still far too long, and, in consequence of its very compression, far too hard to be of service to the ordinary school-boy.



Less than forty pages of text to more than 200 pages of notes is, indeed, "but one halfpenny-worth of bread" to an "intolerable deal of sack." The "sack," no doubt, is excellent sack, and better, perhaps, in its kind, than the "bread" which it is intended to wash down. But, after all, not sack, but bread, should be the staple of a beginner's educational diet.

The next volume which we notice in this series, *The Story of Achilles*, by Messrs. Pratt and Leaf, strikes us as distinctly better in conception than in execution. It is a selection from the *Iliad*, comprising Books I., IX., XI., and XVI. to XXIV. inclusive, with Introduction and Notes. The melancholy circumstances under which the book has been produced (see Preface, p. viii), make us unwilling to judge harshly of its shortcomings. But truth must be told; and, having expected much from the reputation of the authors, we are disappointed in the finish and accuracy of their work. We encounter in it small mistakes of various kinds, which a more careful revision by the surviving editor ought to have removed before the book was published. Thus, in the note on ix. 472 there is a blunder as to the position of Phoenix's ὁδῶμος—really, no doubt, like that of Telemachus, in the αἶθλη, but placed by Messrs. Pratt and Leaf "at the other extremity of the μέγαρον"—which makes the whole narrative unintelligible. Again it is quite untrue to say (Introduction, p. xiv.) that the two clauses of i. 79, ὅς μέγα πάντων Ἀργείων κρατεῖ καὶ οἱ πεδονοῦναι Ἀχαιοί, would "in Attic Greek both be subordinated by a relative." There are a very few such instances of a doubled relative in Attic authors—we remember two in Demosth. in *Phaenipp*. But the rule in Attic Greek, no less than in Homeric (see Goodwin, *Elem. Gr. Gr.*, § 156), is, not to repeat a relative, but either to understand it or to substitute for it a personal or demonstrative pronoun in the latter member of the sentence. And why should it be said that the line ix. 320 "seems quite out of place here"? "What profits valour, if it neither secures us against death, nor procures us glory?" Paraphrasing the sentence thus, we obtain an argument, which seems neither unmeaning nor inappropriate to the context. Still, in spite of a superfluity of such blemishes, there are the makings of an excellent school-book in this volume. We are reminded, by its faults and merits, of Wordsworth's criticism of *The Christian Year*: "It is very good, so good that, if it were mine, I would write it all over again."

Two more volumes of this series deserve a word of notice, *Ovid's Fasti*, by G. H. Hallam, and *Xenophon's Anabasis*, by Profs. Goodwin and White (of Harvard). The first is a fair useful school edition, but in no sense an advance on existing commentaries. Prefixed to it is a plan of Central Rome in the time of Ovid, in which the Regia and Temple of Vesta are strangely misplaced, so that the northern wall of the Regia follows the line of the Basilica Julia and the Temple of Castor! A reference to easily accessible photographs, or to the well-known description of the Forum in Statius (*Sil.* i.), to say nothing of a visit to the place, would have saved Mr. Hallam from this mistake. The *Anabasis* is edited with great care and completeness; but we should have been more thankful to Profs. Goodwin and White if they had chosen for annotation some part of Greek literature which has not, like the *Anabasis*, been over-edited already.

Such a complaint cannot be made against Mr. Taylor's *Stories from Ovid: Hexameter Verse* (Rivington). The *Metamorphoses*—a stock subject in schools a generation or two ago—have of late been somewhat unduly neglected. Certainly the hexameters of Ovid will not bear comparison with those of Vergil. Yet Mr. Taylor has constructed from them a

very readable and teachable little book. Each tale is neatly analysed, and illustrated by some appropriate motto from an English classic—Shakspeare, Spenser, and so forth. The notes are very brief, but very much to the point; and the whole book shows itself clearly as the production of a tasteful scholar and an experienced teacher.

Mr. Merry's edition of the *Clouds* has been favourably noticed in a former number of the ACADEMY. He now follows it up with the *Acharnians* (Clarendon Press), and his new volume seems in all ways equal to its predecessor. A glossary (pp. 108-10) of the strange dialectic forms, Boeotian and Megarian, to be found in this play will be helpful to the beginner, and not without interest for more advanced students.

In the series of "Elementary Classics" (Macmillan) three new volumes present themselves. Mr. Kynaston's *Greek Elegiac Poets* seems rather out of place in a series bearing such a title. The surviving fragments of Greek elegy may, perhaps, by a stretch of language, be called "classics," but they are certainly ill-described as "elementary." The book might be used with good results in upper forms at schools, but it would be ludicrous to attempt it with beginners. On the other hand, Mr. Macaulay's *Hannibalian War*, and Mr. Colbeck's *Caesar—Scenes from Books V. and VI.*, seem to us precisely to hit the mark at which this series should aim. The former of these little books is not a mere cento of extracts; it is an actual rewriting in simpler form of Livy's narrative. The experiment may be thought a bold one, but the result is, in our judgment, a complete success. Mr. Colbeck's *Caesar* is prefaced by a very lively and interesting Introduction, illustrated by sketches (see especially at p. xxx., "A Gaulish Horseman") which ought to rouse the dullest learner's imagination. We think that writers of very elementary school-books would do well to make more use of this simple device for interesting boys in their lessons. A picture will often teach more than pages of letterpress.

We have seen nothing in the way of plain texts of Latin authors better than the *Caesar* and *Vergil* lately issued by Messrs. Rivington. Each is beautifully printed in a clear large type on good paper, yet the price is very low, and the volumes themselves are small and portable. Kraner's edition has been chosen as the basis for the text of *Caesar*, Ribbeck's for that of *Vergil*.

Among the many Latin exercise books and elementary manuals which have reached us, we are inclined to single out Mr. Moir's *Continuous Latin Prose* (Edinburgh: J. Thin) as, on the whole, the best. Its plan reminds us, to some extent, of Mr. Sidgwick's well-known *Greek Prose Composition* (Rivingtons). The exercises are lively and seem very suitable; many of them are drawn from what we may call, briefly, the "Melvinian cycle"—i.e., the mass of adapted anecdotes, from all kinds of sources, which have been introduced into so many schools by disciples of the late Dr. Melvin. *The Beginner's Latin Exercise Book*, by C. Sherwill Dawe (Rivingtons), seems to us to teach very little, and to waste an unconscionable amount of time in teaching it. Nor do we think *First Readings in Latin*, by G. F. Sykes (Isbister), at all successful either in plan or execution. Passages of Latin are given, with numerical references to vocabularies or rules of syntax under nearly every word. We can imagine no method better calculated to encourage that mechanical style of working which makes a boy the slave of his grammar and dictionary, and leaves him helpless whenever these assistances are for the time removed. The "syntax rules" are drawn up in a slovenly manner—e.g., "the nominative is the naming case; hence, (1) the nominative

marks the subject, (2) the nominative marks words that are enlargements of the subject or complements of the predicate." This is the opening sentence, and it seems to us both obscure and illogical. A boy who does not know what a nominative is will gain little by hearing that "it marks an enlargement of the subject." And from the statement that the nominative is the "naming case" (which is either an identical proposition or an unmeaning one), we can no more infer that it marks the subject than that it marks the object. The word "hence" is entirely inappropriate. *Gradatim*, by H. R. Heatley and H. N. Kingdon, helps boys cleverly over their first difficulties in Latin translation, but the Latin of the exercises given is more unlike that of classical authors than it need be. "Pro tua utilitate" (= 'for your good') seems odd; and surely no Roman would have called a doctor's patients his "clientes." *First Steps in Latin*, by F. Ritchie, is written with great care, and its method is ingenious; indeed, we should be inclined to say that it is rather too ingenious, aiming by a *tour de force* to teach Latin as an "exact science." *First Steps* and *Gradatim* are both published by Messrs. Rivington. Dr. Schmitz's *Introductory Latin Grammar* (Collins) seems but a poor performance. It is startling to be told (§ 17, 4, 5) that in all declensions "the acc. sing. always ends in *m*, the acc. pl. always in *s*, preceded by a long vowel." The learner will be puzzled to reconcile this statement with the rule for neuter nouns given shortly after, or with several phenomena which will meet him in the inflection of nouns borrowed from the Greek.

We have received also two volumes of extracts for unseen translation: *Meletemata* (Latin only), a rather portly work by Mr. P. J. F. Gantillon (Oxford: Thornton), and *Anglice Reddenda* (Latin and Greek), by C. S. Jerram (Clarendon Press). From the Pitt Press we have *Xenophon's Anabasis VII.*, by A. Pretor; from Messrs. Longmans, *Græcæ Reddenda*, by C. S. Jerram: "Miscellaneous Sentences for Translation into Greek Prose" is the second title, and they are very miscellaneous indeed—e.g., "33. Not all the Athenians understood the wisdom of Socrates. 34. A large black dog has bitten my right foot." Lastly, from the same publishers, comes another volume of White's grammar-school texts: *Aeneid, Book X.*—a very fair specimen of the series, which has been already described in a former number of the ACADEMY.

### SONNET.

WHERE LIES THE LAND.—Wordsworth.

"WHERE lies the land of which thy soul would know?"

Beyond the wearied wold, the songless dell,  
The purple grape and golden asphodel,

Beyond the zone where streams baptismal flow.

"Where lies the land to which thy soul would go?"

There where the unweaved senses darkling dwell,

Where never haunting, hurrying footfall fell,

Where toil is not, nor builded hope laid low.

Rest! Rest! to thy hushed realm how one by one

Old Earth's tired Ages steal away and weep,

Forgotten or unknown, long duty done.

Ah God! when Death in seeming peace shall steep

Life's loud turmoil, and Time his race hath run—

Shall heart of man at length find rest and sleep?

T. HALL CAINE.

## NOTES AND NEWS.

WE are informed on the best authority that in a policy of assurance taken out by the late Lord Beaconsfield in the year 1824 he there described himself as born in the parish of St. Mary Axe. As the policy still exists, and the entry is in his own handwriting, this may be regarded as conclusive evidence of his real place of birth, in spite of his statement in old age to Lord Barrington.

DR. W. W. HUNTERS long-promised *Imperial Gazetteer of India* will be issued to the public by Messrs. Triibner in the early part of next week.

MR. HENRY SWEET is writing a new English Grammar for Schools, in which the phonology of our language is more fully dealt with than is usual in books of the class, and the subject generally is treated without many of the customary conventional notions.

DR. EMIL HOLUB'S *Seven Years in South Africa* has proved no less a success on the Continent than in this country. In Germany it has sold to the number of 12,000 copies; the Czech edition also went off well; and a translation into Russian is now called for. Before starting on his new voyage, Dr. Holub hopes to pay a visit to London, in order to avail himself of Sir J. Hooker's offer to go through his collection of South-African plants.

MESSRS. W. H. ALLEN AND Co. have in the press an autobiography of Mr. William Tayler, the well-known late Commissioner of Patna, under the title of *Thirty-eight Years in India, from Juganath to the Himalaya Mountains*. It will be accompanied by one hundred illustrations, reproduced by Mr. Tayler from original sketches taken by himself on the spot. The first volume may be expected very shortly.

WE have been much pleased with the response which our suggestion of a cheap one-volume edition of the poet Browning's works has called forth from the provincial press and private correspondents. We have reason to hope that in due time the edition so much desired will appear.

WE hear that Mrs. Holman Hunt is writing a new story.

MESSRS. C. KEGAN PAUL AND Co. will issue immediately *A Popular History of Ancient Egypt*, by Mr. Erasmus Wilson. The volume will contain some chromo-lithographs and numerous wood-cuts.

MR. E. WHIGGLESWORTH will at an early date have ready for the press an important local work, entitled *Beverley's Roll of Honour*. It will consist of a series of carefully prepared notices of the worthies of Beverley.

MESSRS. TRÜBNER announce for publication in the beginning of next month a somewhat startling book, with the title of *The Occult World*, by Mr. A. P. Sinnett. This purports to be a record of personal experiences among the professors of "the occult science" in Eastern countries. The author seeks to show that the powers of these professors, though apparently miraculous, rest upon a strictly natural basis, being founded upon "a higher plane of knowledge concerning the laws of nature than that which European science has yet reached."

*Love, Honour, and Obedience* is the title of a new story by Miss Iza Duffus Hardy, to be shortly published by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett in three volumes.

THE third Didot sale will take place in Paris on June 9 to 15. As upon the two former occasions, amateurs in London are allowed beforehand an opportunity of examining the MSS., which will be on view at 15 Piccadilly on Monday next, the 23rd inst., and the two

following days. We have received from Mr. Quaritch an invitation to inspect them.

MR. J. W. SAVILL, who gives his address at "Ye Olde Booke and Herbe Shoppe," Dunmow, Essex, proposes to publish by subscription *Valuable Recipes for Neat Stock, Horses, Sheep, Pigs, and Dogs*, being the recipe-book of Mr. Murrell, a well-known Norfolkshire farrier, originally published in 1823.

*Southwark and its Story: an Historical Sketch of the Borough and its Celebrities*, by Mrs. E. Boger, will shortly appear.

MR. WILLIAM ANDREWS will contribute to an early issue of *Hand and Heart* a paper on Matthias Barr, the well-known author of *Little Willie, and other Poems*. A portrait of Mr. Barr will accompany the article.

A PAPER on *Thomas Carlyle: his Life and Work*, recently read by Mr. William Martin before the members of the Glasgow Carlyle Club, is now in the press, and will shortly be published by Messrs. Wilson and Mc Cormick, of Glasgow.

MR. W. F. POOLE, of Chicago, reports that the work for the new edition of his *Index to Periodical Literature* is "coming on splendidly." The matter is all in, has been revised, and about 1,200 pages of the copy for the printer have been arranged. Mr. Fletcher, at Hartford, is arranging the slips, and sends the sheets to Mr. Poole for revision. After this is finished, the printing will probably take a year. The matter will make a royal octavo volume of 1,200 pages, and will be brought down to January 1880.

MR. H. S. FOXWELL, M.A., has been elected to the Chair of Political Economy in University College, in succession to Prof. Stanley Jevons. According to the usual custom, we believe, the Senate recommended two candidates to the Council—Mr. Foxwell and Mr. F. Y. Edgeworth, M.A.

PROF. STEADMAN ALDIS, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, has in contemplation a novel undertaking, to which we wish all success. In conjunction with his wife, he proposes to form a "women's reading party" this summer at some quiet bathing-place on the coast of Normandy.

PROF. F. A. MARCH, of Lafayette College, read an interesting paper on "The Point of View in *King Lear*," before the American Philological Association at its last meeting, and has printed an abstract of his paper in the Society's *Proceedings* in "fonetic" type. He has also written an able essay on "English Orthography: what can we do about it?" in *Good Literature* of April 23 last. About two hundred papers, daily and weekly, in the United States have adopted spelling-reform more or less thoroughly in their issues.

DR. ALBERT BATTANDIER writes to us from Frascati that he has discovered in the library of the Cardinal Duke of York, the last recognised descendant of the Stuarts, a very beautiful vellum MS. in quarto, whose title in golden letters is: *The Variation of the Armes and Badges of the Kings of England from the Tyme of Brute until this present yeare of our Lord One thousand six hundred ninety and seven*. It is dedicated "to His Royal Highness James, Prince of Wales, &c." by "James Tyrry, Athlone Herald of Arms." It contains forty-seven illuminations, picked out with that brilliant gold of which the secret was thought to be lost until recently discovered in the Benedictine Monastery of Monte Cassino.

IN reference to our notice of the late Earl of Beaconsfield's connexion with the *Representative* a correspondent writes:—

"About forty-four years ago (1837) I was invited by Mr. Thomas Cope, 20 Buckingham Street,

Strand, to see a bound volume of the *Representative*, who informed me, if I remember right, that he was the 'printer,' and that 'Young D'Israeli' was the 'sub-editor.' He also stated that the 'plant' was supplied by Mr. William Clowes, of Northumberland Court, Strand, and was machined by that firm, but that the composition was got up in Great George Street, Westminster—I think he said at the residence of the late Sir Matthew Wood. My father was also engaged on the *Representative*; it was this circumstance that called forth the invitation."

MADAME VON GERVINUS, the widow of the great Shakspeare scholar and historian, Gervinus, has sent the photographic portrait of her late husband to Mr. Furnivall, in acknowledgment of that gentleman's dedication of his late edition of the *facsimile* of the Roberts Quarto (1600) of *The Merchant of Venice* "To the memory of Gervinus, to Delius, and all other German scholars and students who've loved and studied Shakspeare."

THE registers of St. Leonard's, Shoreditch (in which parish is "Curtain" Road, which still preserves the memory of the theatre), contain many entries which show the influence of Shakspeare's dramas—e.g.,

"Troilus Skinner, baptised 28 Aug., 1591."

"Juliet Burbege, daughter of Richard, bapt. 12 Sep., 1608."

"[Richard Burbadge, player, was buried 16 March, 1618.]"

"Coriolanus Hawke, bapt. 22 Oct., 1591."

"Desdemonye Bishop, buried 1609."

The name of Bassano is of common occurrence in the registers. Scipio Bassano resided at Hoxton.

PROF. G. CAVALUCCI, of the Florence Academy of Fine Arts, will shortly publish (Florence: Giovanni Cirri) a volume entitled *S. Maria del Fiore, Storia documentata dall'Origine fino ai nostri Giorni*.

AT the public meeting of the Académie Royale de Belgique on May 11, M. Henri Conscience, as Directeur de la Classe des Lettres, delivered an address upon the History and Tendencies of Flemish Literature, which is reported at length in the *Athenaeum Belge*. The illustrious author, who is said never before to have spoken in public in French, finished with the following quotation:—

"Flamands, Wallons,  
Ce ne sont là que des pré noms;  
Belge est notre nom de famille."

Advantage was gracefully taken of the occasion by the Minister of the Interior to announce the promotion of M. Conscience to the rank of grand officer of the Order of Leopold.

L'ABBÉ FRANZ LISZT has just been elected corresponding member of the Académie des Beaux-Arts in the section of music, in the place of the late M. Gaspari. His two competitors were Johannes Brahms, of Vienna, and Arrigo Boito, of Milan.

THE quinquennial prize of the Académie Royale de Belgique in the department of moral and political science has been awarded to M. Emile de Laveleye, who is at present in Paris advocating vigorously the cause of bimetalism.

THE *Rassegna Settimanale* for May 8 contains a review of Prof. Sellar's *Roman Poets of the Republic*, and also a London letter signed H. Z., with notices of Mr. Leader's *Mary Queen of Scots in Captivity* and Mr. Laurence Oliphant's *Land of Gilead*.

M. FR. LENORMANT, we are glad to learn, has been elected a member of the French Institute.

HERR PERTHES, of Gotha, is about to bring out a German translation by Hans Tharau of Mr. Augustus C. Hare's biography of the Countess von Bunsen,



THE same publisher announces as forthcoming *Johannes a Lasco: ein Beitrag zur Reformationsgeschichte Polens, Deutschlands und Englands*, by Hermann Dalton; and a biography of the late Johannes Huber, by Eberhard Zirngiebl.

FROM July 1, 1879, to December 31, 1880 German theatrical companies gave 1,039 representations of plays by Shakspeare. Twenty-seven plays were put upon the stage, of which *Hamlet* was represented 139 times; *Othello*, 113; *Merchant of Venice*, 104; *Taming of the Shrew*, 95.

WE gather from the *Athenaeum Belge* that the work of bibliography is being busily pursued in Belgium. Six parts, each consisting of one hundred pages, have now appeared of Prof. Ferdinand Vanderhaegen's *Bibliotheca Belgica*, which is intended to furnish a complete list of all books printed in the Low Countries during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and also a list of the principal books published since 1600 either in the Low Countries, or by natives of the Low Countries residing abroad, or about the Low Countries by others. There has also just appeared the fifth and last part of the *Essai de Bibliographie yproise*, by M. Alphonse Diegerick, the archivist and assistant librarian of the town of Ypres. This work, consisting of four hundred pages in all, has taken its industrious author eight years to complete. It gives an account of 302 publications relating to Ypres between 1750 and 1834.

A WORK on marriage ceremonies, particularly those of Russia, by N. F. Sumtsov, has just appeared at Kharkov. Besides a description of the marriage ceremonies prevalent in many parts of Russia, it contains the nuptial songs which form an interesting feature on such occasions. The marriage customs of the ancient Slavs and Germans are also compared with the modern survivals in order to explain the symbolic significance of the latter.

DR. R. BUDDENSIEG reviews favourably in the *Theologisches Literaturblatt* of Leipzig, April 29, Mr. F. D. Matthew's edition of Wiclif's *English Works hitherto unprinted* (Early-English Text Society, 1880). In the *Revue des Deux-Mondes* of May 1 is an article by A. Mézières maintaining the unity and Shaksperian origin of the trilogy of *Henry VI.*, against "le savant M. Furnivall," &c. It is a subject to be settled on English ground. A foreigner cannot appreciate, in a joint-play, the differences of style which to an Englishman mean so much.

AT the Congrès des Sociétés savantes held at the Sorbonne last month, the most interesting event was a paper read by M. Combe upon "The Interview at Bayonne," which sought to prove, from documents discovered at Simancas, that Catherine de Médicis had conceived the plan for the St. Bartholomew Massacre as early as 1565.

WE learn from the *Revue Critique* that père Ingold is publishing a sort of appendix to his "Bibliothèque oratorienne," under the title of "Petite Bibliothèque oratorienne." The first of the series, which has just appeared, is *Les Miracles du cardinal P. de Bérulle, Institututeur des Carmélites de France, Fondateur de l'Oratoire, d'après des Documents inédits*.

M. E. SENART has in the press a second and revised edition (with an Index) of his essay on the legend of Buddha.

FEW books could be more welcome than the "Eversley Edition" of Charles Kingsley's novels now being issued by Messrs. Macmillan. Many names, doubtless, will live longer in English literature than that of Kingsley. He had his weaknesses and he had his faults. But by the present generation of grown men, at least, no writer of novels is regarded with warmer feelings of personal affection. *Westward*

*Ho!* though later in date than his political romances, has been deservedly chosen to lead the series. No boy's education is complete if he has not read *Westward Ho!* and admired it. The handsome paper and binding raise in our minds a feeling almost of regret that we cannot lend it as we would. *Westward Ho!*—which we may claim to have read ourselves in the old house of Burrough—ought to be well thumbed.

#### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

WE have received the following:—*The Public Life of the Earl of Beaconsfield*, by Francis Hitchman, New and Revised Edition (Sampson Low); *Boswell and Johnson: their Companions and Contemporaries*, by J. F. Waller (Cassells); *Great Citizens of France—Victor Hugo: his Life and Works*, from the French of Alfred Barbou, by Francis A. Shaw (Chicago: S. C. Griggs; London: Tribner); William Morley Punshon, Preacher and Orator (F. E. Longley); *Mensuration made Easy; or, the Decimal System for the Million*, with its Application to the Daily Employments of the Artisan and Mechanic, by Charles Hoare, Thirteenth Edition (Effingham Wilson); *A Reasonable Faith the Want of the Age* (Williams and Norgate); *Church Patronage and Church Discipline: a Proposal of Reform*, by the Rev. John Macnaught (James Nisbet); *From the Pew to the Pulpit: Addressed to the Saints by a Sinner* (Elliot Stock); *Our Future Policy in the Transvaal: a Defence of the Boers*, by Dr. G. B. Clark (William Ridgway); *The Double Standard*, by Henry H. Gibbs, with an Introduction by Henry R. Grenfell (Effingham Wilson); *Irish Grievances*, by Thomas Hankey (Effingham Wilson); *Jesus of Nazareth and His Contemporaries* (Williams and Norgate); *The Elementary Education Code: Alterations suggested by George Gladstone* (H. J. Infield); *The Irish Land Bill: Speech delivered by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone on introducing the Bill* (National Press Agency); *Justice of Procedure in the Free Assembly: a Reply to Mr. Taylor Innes by Sir Henry Moncreiff* (Edinburgh: John MacLaren and Son); *Sanitary Assurance: a Lecture at the London Institution*, by Prof. F. de Chaumont (Published by the Sanitary Assurance Association); *Physical Science Lectures: the Starlit Sky*, by Thomas Dunman (Griffith and Farran); &c., &c.

#### ARCHAEOLOGICAL JOTTINGS.

Queen's College, Oxford: May 16, 1881.

The following notes, which are connected only by the common tie of archaeology, may have some interest for the readers of the ACADEMY.

Just before I left Beyrût I paid a visit to M. Perthier's collection of antiquities, principally in order to see the Babylonian cylinders and Assyrian seals which he intends to publish shortly. I found that he had recently acquired a very interesting monument discovered at Amrit, the ancient Marathus. This is a stone stele, with the figure of a warrior in relief upon it, and in a new style of Phœnician art. The art is no longer an amalgamation of Egyptian and Assyrian, but of Egyptian and Hittite, the figure, for example, standing on two hills, which are delineated in precisely the same fashion as in the sculptures of Boghaz Keui. Considering that the Hittite territory extended as far south as Homs, where their southern capital has lately been found by Lieut. Conder in Lake Kades, and that Amrit is to the north-west of this, we might have expected to find that the imitative Phœnicians in this region had come under the influence of Hittite art. The stele abundantly confirms the expectation,

Just after leaving Beyrût I was informed by Dr. Hartmann, the dragoman of the German consulate there, that a cuneiform inscription was discovered three or four years ago on the northern bank of the Dog River by the workmen employed in constructing an aqueduct. The stone containing the inscription was cut out of the rock and carried off by the 'Amir of Sidnâ' or Sednâya before it could be seen by any Assyrian scholar; and, as the 'Amir believes that it possesses magical virtues, it is now kept jealously concealed from the scrutiny of Europeans. Dr. Hartmann further informed me that, above the place where this inscription was found, another inscription containing about ten cuneiform characters still exists on the face of the cliff. I can only regret that the information came too late for me to profit by it. I may add, however, that when visiting the Dog River I discovered the remains of an Assyrian monument on the southern side of the river which had not been noticed before. It stands among the well-known Egyptian and Assyrian figures, but its dilapidated condition has prevented it from being observed previously. I fancy it must be the oldest of the Assyrian monuments in this place—perhaps a memorial of Tiglath-Pileser I.

At Smyrna, the French consul was kind enough to show me his collection of Babylonian cylinders which he had obtained at Bagdad. Two of them describe their owners as worshipping "the gods of the West," or "Phœnicia." Mr. Dennis also possesses a fine cylinder with the image of the Asiatic goddess upon it, and the legend: "Ilu-su-illat-su, the scribe, the son of Sin-rimeni, worshipper of the goddess Nin-si-anna." At Smyrna I was further shown a curious object of red stone, carved into the likeness of a griffin's head, which had come from Kappadokia. It has upon it a number of cuneiform characters which resemble those of the Protomedic syllabary, but are really undecipherable. Unless, therefore, they should turn out to belong to a hitherto unknown system of cuneiform writing used in Kappadokia, they must be regarded as an attempt to imitate cuneiform characters for the purpose of ornamentation made by someone who was unacquainted with their meaning. The latter supposition is the more probable, as the heads of the wedges in the first two lines face the opposite way to those in the second two.

Turning now to Greece, I would say a word or two about the objects in the Schliemann Museum at Athens, which I visited again in company with Dr. Schliemann and M. Kumanudes. There I was struck by the close resemblance between the "owl-headed" vases of Troy and the terra-cotta images of the goddess found at Mykenae, Tiryns, and Nauplia. It was a resemblance I had never noticed before; but when once observed it is very exact. Even the "wings" extending from the sides of the vases re-appear in the terra-cotta figures. The mouth is wanting in both; both present us with the same eyes and nose, and the same *polos* on the top of the head. The curved ornament in front of some of the heads of the terra-cotta images is like the horn in front of the cap or tiara on a head carved out of a shell, which was discovered at Mykenae. The tiara, it may be observed, has three folds, like the caps represented on the gems and rings. The latter have now been cleaned, so that the designs upon them can be seen much more clearly than was formerly possible. I find that the famous design upon the ring, which represents a goddess seated beneath a palm-tree, with three worshippers in front, is not so slavish an imitation of archaic Babylonian art as I had thought. It is archaic Babylonian art that has passed to Greece through Asia Minor. The double-headed (or rather quadruple-headed) axe which occupies the middle of

it, and so distinctly points us to Asia Minor, is identical in shape with the axes placed between the horns of cows' heads in gold-leaf found in the tombs. The shoes worn by the figures have turned-up ends, which again indicate Asia Minor. Among the objects in gold-leaf is a sitting figure of the Asiatic goddess, which bears a striking likeness to the Niobé of Mount Sipylus. A sort of bar is represented between the legs, explaining the enigmatical groove between the legs of the Niobé. One of the most interesting results of the cleaning the metallic objects have undergone is the discovery of a lion-hunt, represented in gold inlaid upon the silver blade of a dagger discovered in the fourth tomb. An account of it is given in the Appendix to the American edition of Dr. Schliemann's *Mycenae*; and M. Kumanudes, the Director of the Museum, has written a memoir upon it in the *Athenaion*. The figures of the huntsmen are, on the whole, in the Egyptian style; but their dress is that of the figures on the rings, and the last has a shield of the same shape as that portrayed on one of the rings. The shield of the first, which consists of two circles, the upper smaller than the lower, is found on one of the gems. One of the cups from the fourth tomb also turns out to be of silver inlaid with gold—an art which was of Egyptian origin. The curious ornament above the horse on the second tombstone from Mykenae reminded me much of the Hittite determinative of divinity and winged solar disk.

The objects discovered in the *tholos* of Menidi, which I visited in company with Dr. Schliemann, are not yet visible to the public; but as I was anxious to see them, more especially the glass plaque with two butterflies upon it (*Das Kuppelgrab bei Menidi*, pl. iv., 12), M. Kumanudes kindly let me have a look at them. Among them is a gem with the representation of a deer attacked by a lion, and a character below, which has the form of the Kypriote *ti*.

The museum further possesses a small foot and double-headed axe made of a peculiar green stone, which evidently formed part of a figure, and came from Nauplia. The axe reminds us of Zeus Labrandeus, and the foot is shod with a boot with a turned-up toe.

While I was staying at Orkhomenos with Dr. Schliemann we made excursions to Kopae (Topolia), Abae, and Khaeroneia. At Kopae we found that an inscription of the Byzantine period had been recently discovered, in the first line of which were the words *πάλαι Κωπαίων*. Near Abae, to the south-west of the supposed remains of the Temple of Apollo, we came across an extensive necropolis, which must have belonged either to Abae or to the neighbouring town of Hyampolis, and which the peasants had begun to rifle. Fragments of vases and bronze were lying scattered on all sides; and a good many vases in a perfect state, some of them of a very peculiar shape, had been unearthed.

At Orkhomenos I amused myself with tracing the walls of the Greek acropolis, considerable remains of which still exist among the rocks on the north side; and in one of my walks I believe I discovered the site of the Temple of Heraklēs, near the springs of the Melas. Beyond the acropolis, on the northern slope of Mount Akontion, and on the way to Talandia, I came across the remains of other walls, besides the foundations of a square fortress just below the Macedonian fortress which crowns the cliff. Farther west, where a great cleft breaks the line of the mountain, I discovered an ancient wall, made of moderately sized stones, and ten feet broad, which runs from the top of the mountain to a ridge of rock that rises below it, and from this again to the edge of the cliff which overlooks the marsh. The wall was built without cement, and is of rude construction. I fancy, therefore, that it must be a work of the prae-Hellenic Minyans, and have

served to defend the territory of Orkhomenos from the attacks of its enemies on the north-west.

A. H. SAYCE.

#### PROF. STRAKOSCH'S RECITALS.

HERR STRAKOSCH is worth hearing, and the audience (though small) which met to hear him at the Steinway Hall on the night of Friday, May 13, seemed to think so. It is a mistake to suppose that it is difficult to understand Shakspeare in German. We believe that an Englishman with a fair knowledge of the German language would find it easier to understand the great Englishman rendered into German than ordinary German conversation. The dramas of Shakspeare have become so much a part of our inner as of our national life that, if Herr Strakosch were to read through the play of *Hamlet* in Polish, we should almost have been able to follow him, so dramatic is his rendering. And in spite of the saying about comparisons, we trust we may remark without offence that the difference between Herr Strakosch and Mr. Brandram is the difference between the recitation of an actor and of one who has never played behind the footlights. The play of *Hamlet* was well chosen, both for the reader and his audience. *Hamlet* is a favourite play with Germans. They are proud to think themselves gifted with the philosophy, eloquence, and resolution of the unhappy Prince of Denmark, while they feel conscious that on the stage of the world's history they, unlike him, have entered and possessed the kingdom.

The extracts which were read from *Hamlet* showed the young Prince in his interviews with Horatio, with the ghost of his father, with Ophelia, and with his mother in the fourth scene of the third act. We have always regretted that Shakspeare has not given us an interview between *Hamlet* and Ophelia before the Prince learnt the secret of his father's shameful murder. It would have been somewhat different from that described in the first scene of the third act. Herr Strakosch read that difficult scene with dignity, and without exaggerating *Hamlet's* brutal vein. But perhaps it was in *Hamlet's* expostulation with his mother that the reader most deserved and received the applause of his audience. *Hamlet* does not address his mother in honeyed tones, but at the apparition of his father he naturally raises his voice.

"Save me! and hover o'er me with your wings,  
You heavenly guards!"

We have often heard actors give these words in the same tone as the preceding ones—as if the ghost of a father were an everyday vision. Herr Strakosch made no such mistake, yet his energy never led him into mere noise. He is not only a consummate actor; he is a rhetorician. The late Mr. Buckle would have been delighted to have heard his favourite lines declaimed:—"What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a God!"

If we may mingle one word of criticism with the praise Herr Strakosch so richly deserves and receives, we would say that he appears to miss the pathos that underlies *Hamlet's* roughness to Ophelia and even to Polonius. For what can be more touching than *Hamlet's* reply to the old courtier when he takes his leave of him—"You cannot, sir, take from me anything that I will more willingly part withal, except my life"? For ourselves, we are glad to welcome Herr Strakosch to England, and shall be sorry when he takes his leave of us.

#### SELECTED BOOKS.

##### GENERAL LITERATURE.

- BERGEL, J. *Der Himmel u. seine Wunder. Eine archiologische Studie nach alten jud. Mythographen.* Leipzig: Friedrich. 1 M. 10 Pf.
- BINDSEIL, Th. *Die antiken Gräber Italiens.* 1. Th. Die Gräber der Etrusker. Berlin: Calvary. 2 M. 40 Pf.
- CART, T. *Göthe en Italie: Etude biographique et littéraire.* Paris: Fischbacher. 4 fr.
- CAVALLUCCI, G. J. S. *María del Fiore. Storia documentata dall'Origine fino ai nostri giorni.* Torino: L. Vescher. 7 fr.
- DANTE'S Divine Comedy. *The Inferno*, translated by Warburton Pike. C. Kegan Paul & Co. 5s.
- DICKSON, W. E. *Practical Organ-Building.* Crosby Lockwood & Co. 5s.
- DUN, Finlay. *Landlords and Tenants in Ireland.* Longmans. 6s.
- FOUQUE, O. *Histoire du Théâtre-Ventadour.* Paris: Fischbacher. 5 fr.
- KAUFMANN, L. *Albrecht Dürer.* Göttingen: Bachem. 1 M. 80 Pf.
- LE MARCHANT, G. *Deuxième Campagne des Anglais dans l'Afghanistan (1879-80).* T. 1. Paris: Dumaine. 6 fr.
- LENOIR, F. *La Grande Grèce: Paysages et Histoire.* T. II. Paris: A. Lévy. 7 fr. 50 c.
- MACLEOD, H. D. *The Elements of Economics.* Vol. I. Longmans. 7s. 6d.
- MULHALL, M. G. *Balance-Sheet of the World for Ten Years, 1870-80.* Stanford. 6s.
- PARRAN, M. *Biographie et Iconographie des Œuvres d'Honoré de Balzac.* Paris: Rouquette. 10 fr.
- PITRE, G. *Spettacoli e Feste popolari.* Siciliane. Napoli: Detken & Rocholl. 5 fr.
- POLEN u. die Grossmächte. Leipzig: Friedrich. 3 M.
- RACINET, A. *Le Costume historique.* 11<sup>e</sup> Livr. Paris: Firmin-Didot. 12 fr.
- RODENBERG, J. *Belgien u. die Belgier.* Berlin: Paetel. 9 M.
- SCHWICKER, J. H. *Die ungarischen Gymnasien.* Geschichte, System. Statistik. Budapest: Kilian. 3 M. 50 Pf.
- SÉBILLOT, P. *Contes populaires de la Haute-Bretagne.* 2<sup>me</sup> Série. Contes des Paysans et des Pêcheurs. Paris: Charpentier. 3 fr. 50 c.
- UPTON, R. D. *Gleanings from the Desert of Arabia.* C. Kegan Paul & Co. 10s. 6d.

##### THEOLOGY.

- ERDMANN, D. *Der Brief d. Jacobus, erklärt.* Berlin: Wiegandt. 5 M.
- REVISED VERSION of the New Testament. Oxford and Cambridge: University Press.
- RÜRTSCH, K. *Geschichte u. Kritik der kirchlichen Lehre von der ursprünglichen Vollkommenheit u. vom Sündenfall.* Leiden: Brill. 4s. 6d.
- SALMON, G. *Non-Miraculous Christianity, and other Sermons.* Macmillan. 6s.

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#### CORRESPONDENCE.

S. T. COLERIDGE'S POEMS:—"MONODY ON THE DEATH OF CHATTERTON."

Dublin: May 13, 1881.

It is not noticed in Pickering's last edition of Coleridge's *Poetical Works*, nor have I seen it noticed elsewhere, that the "Monody on the



Death of Chatterton" appears in "Poems Supposed to have been Written at Bristol in the Fifteenth Century, by Thomas Rowley," edited by L. S. (L. Sharpe), whose Preface is dated "Pembroke College, July 20, 1794." The volume, which is without date on the title-page, was published at Cambridge, "Printed by B. Flower for the Editor." Coleridge's poem is introduced with the words, "The Editor thinks himself happy in the permission of an ingenious friend to insert the following Monody." The text differs in several particulars from that in Coleridge's first volume of Poems (1796), and wants the thirty-six lines from

"Poor Chatterton! he sorrows for thy fate,"  
to the end.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

#### THE DEVIL IN FEATHERS AT CHESTER.

3 St. George's Square, N.W.: May 14, 1881.

Can any reader of the ACADEMY give me information about the old Midsummer Show at Chester, a kind of procession of the Guilds or Trades which was held in that city till the end of the sixteenth century (and after) every year when the Miracle-Plays or Mysteries were not acted?

The authority on the subject is David Rogers, who in 1609 made out of the collections of his father, Archdeacon Rogers, a "Breauarye," digest, or history of the city, contained in Harl. MS. 1944, &c. After his chapter on the Whitsun Plays, Rogers has another on this Midsummer Show. In it he speaks of certain former improprieties at the Show, afterwards put down by a godly mayor:—"Ye divill in his fethers before ye butchers, a man in womans apparell, with a divill waytinge on his horse called cuppes and cans, god in stringes,\* with other thinges." I have copied the passage in the hope that some antiquarian reader of it may be able to give, or refer me to, a fuller account of this Devil in Feathers, and other incidents of the outdoor life at Chester in Shakspeare's days. F. J. FURNIVALL.

ye midsomer "Of ye Midsomer showe or watche showe as an-  
chant as ye that ye showe or watche, on mid-  
somereane, called 'midsomershowe,'  
yearly now vsed within ye Citty of  
Chester, was vsed in ye tyme of  
those whitsoun playes, & before, so  
farre as I canne vnderstande; for  
when ye whitsoun playes were played,  
then ye showe at midsomer wente  
not: And when ye whitsoun playes  
were not played, then ye midsomer  
showe wente only: as many now  
lineinge [1609 A.D.] canne make  
theire owne knowledge proffe suffi-  
cient: But since these playes at  
whitsuntide were put downe, and  
ye midsomer showe went only, there  
hath bene taken awaye some thinges,  
& reformed, that were not decente:  
wherein ye wisdome and godly  
care of those magistrats that did  
remoue awaye thinges either sinfull  
or offensiu, is to be commended,  
and by all religiose magistrats  
there steps to be troden, inasmuch  
as they intende all theire actiones to  
Gods glorye, and the rule or lyne  
of perfection, the which, howsoever  
it cannot be attaynd vnto in this  
liffe, yet it is the marke we are all  
to aime at. In which I commend  
ye gouernment of Mr Henry Hard-  
mans apperell, were esquire, somtymes mayor of  
Chester [1599], whose gouernement  
waytinge on

when ye mid-  
somer shoe  
went, then  
ye whitsoun  
playes went  
not  
when ye whitsoun  
play went  
then ye showe  
at midsomer  
went not:

many thinges  
reformed in  
ye midsomer  
shoe before  
Mr H: Hard-  
ware, and in  
his tyme  
[1599] as ye  
diuill in his  
fethers before  
ye butchers, a  
man in wo-  
mans apperell,  
with a diuill  
waytinge on

his horse redresse of manye abuses, as namely  
called cuppes in ye midsomer showe he caused  
& cans, god som thinges to be reformed and  
in stringes[?], taken awaye, that ye watchmen of  
with other our soules, or deuines, spake  
thinges, againste, as thinges not fit to be  
which were vsed; for which he deserved iuste  
reformed and commendation; howsoever the vul-  
amended gar sorte of people did oppose them-  
selues againste ye reformation of  
sinnes, not knowinge that anchant  
synnes ought to have new reforma-  
tion, and antiquites in thinges vn-  
lawfull or offensiu is no reason  
to mayntayne ye same. But for  
ye decensie of ye midsomer showe as  
it is now [1609 A.D.] vsed, I referre  
it to ye iudgmente of those who are  
more iudiciouse."

#### APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, May 23, 7.30 p.m. Aristotelian: "The Scotch School—Hamilton and Mansel," by Mr. S. Oliver.  
8 p.m. Society of Arts: Cantor Lecture V., "Colour Blindness and its Influence on Various Industries," by Mr. R. Brudenell Carter.  
8 p.m. Education Society: "The Educational Theories of Rousseau," by Mr. T. M. Williams.  
TUESDAY, May 24, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Non-Metallic Elements," by Prof. Dewar.  
3 p.m. Linnean: Anniversary Meeting and President's Address.  
8 p.m. Anthropological Institute: "Some Bone Necklaces from the Andaman Islands," by Dr. Allen Thompson; "The Arts of the Andamanes and Nicobarese," by Mr. E. H. Man; "Some Vestiges of Girl Sacrifices, Jar Burial, and Contracted Intermarriage in India and the East," by Mr. M. J. Walhouse.  
8 p.m. Institution of Civil Engineers: "The Production of Paraffin and Paraffin Oil," by Mr. R. H. Brunton.  
WEDNESDAY, May 25, 8 p.m. Geological.  
8 p.m. Spelling Reform Association: Annual Meeting: Address by Prof. Sayce.  
8 p.m. Society of Arts.  
8 p.m. Royal Society of Literature: "The Popular Literature of Old Japan," by Mr. O. Pfordes.  
THURSDAY, May 26, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Magnetism," by Prof. Tyndall.  
4.30 p.m. Royal.  
8 p.m. Society of Arts.  
8 p.m. Society of Telegraph Engineers and Electricians.  
8.30 p.m. Antiquaries.  
FRIDAY, May 27, 8 p.m. Royal Institution: "Artificial Production of Indigo," by Prof. H. E. Roscoe.  
8 p.m. Quekett.  
SATURDAY, May 28, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Russian Literature—Lermontoff," by Prof. C. E. Turner.  
3 p.m. Physical.

#### SCIENCE.

*Arabian Poetry for English Readers.*  
Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by  
W. A. Clouston. (Trübner.)

ENGLISH readers unacquainted with the Arabic will find in this compilation a miscellaneous collection of the poetry of the Arabs. With one or two exceptions, to be noticed anon, they are reprints of translations made by Sir W. Jones, J. D. Carlyle, and T. Hamilton, the former nearly a century and the latter sixty years ago. This simple statement conveys no slight reproach upon modern English linguists, who have allowed other countries, especially Germany and France, to outrun them in almost every department of Arabic literature. In his Introduction the editor gives a concise account of the ancient Arabs, their Seven *Mu'allakât*, or Suspended Prize-Poems,\* the Genius of the early Arab poetry, and of Arabian Literature under the Abbaside Khalifate. His geography, or that of Sir W. Jones, is at fault on p. xix., where "Zebid" is described as "a commercial town, that lies in a large plain near the Sea of Omân." Zabid, on the contrary, is a

\* Some Arabian authors substitute the Poems of al-A'asha, and of Amru-'bnu-Mu'awiyah, adh-Dhaibany, surnamed an-Nabaghy, for those of Harith and 'Antarah given in Sir W. Jones's translation of the *Mu'allakât*.

well-known place situated forty miles to the S.S.E. of al-Hudaidah on the eastern shore of the Red Sea, and was formerly the capital of the Tihamah. On the same page we read of "Aden, surrounded with pleasant gardens and woods." The generality of readers, and especially those who know nothing of the place, would understand the peninsula of that name, now in the hands of the British, to be here indicated. But if this, our Aden, was ever surrounded by pleasant gardens, it must have been anterior to that convulsion of nature which left it an extinct volcano. Abu'l-Fidâ helps us over this difficulty. According to him, there were two 'Adans—one called 'Adanu-Abyâna, which he describes as a place of trade, and a harbour for shipping from India, but to which water was brought (from the interior). This, doubtless, is our Aden. The other was called 'Adanu-Lâ'ah, a small town in the Jâbal Sâbir, of al-Yâman, from whence came the claimants to the Fâtimate Khalifate of Egypt. This latter, for aught that is known to the contrary, may have come up to the description of Aden given by the editor. As regards the derivation of the word it is remarkable that, whereas these two localities are written 'Adan, the phrase "Gardens of the Settled Abode," occurring eleven times in the al-Kur-ân, is *Jannâtu 'Adnin*, not 'Adnin, and it is therefore questionable whether "Aden" has the meaning ascribed to it in the Introduction. So also as regards "Yemen" taking its name from a word which signifies *verdure and felicity*. In that case the name would be *Yumn*, not *Yâman*. The only author, as far as the reviewer knows, who gives that signification to the word is al-Kazwîny, who describes al-Yâman as "an extensive territory extending from 'Omân to Najrân. It is called the Green, owing to the abundance of its trees." The generality of Arabian writers explain the name as indicating the country on the *yamin*, or right, of the al-Kiblah of the *Ghaur*, or Lowlands, stating that it was so called because it is situated to the right of the sun when it rises, just as *ash-Shâm* (Syria) was so named because it is on the *Mâsh-amat*, or left, of the al-Kiblah.

Turning to the Poems in this collection, there can be no doubt that the originals portray, with impassioned eloquence, the pastoral life of the early Arabs, the romance of their chivalry, their heroic exploits, their devotion to the fair sex, their love, their revenge. One wonders on reading the measured rhythm and melodious cadences of these compositions how it came to pass that at a period so remote, and when the country was completely isolated, there were men existing in Arabia capable of expressing with so much pathos and elegance the wild scenes which surrounded them and the kindling emotions of the human heart. If Muhâmmad could defy any created being to produce a work equal to the al-Kur-ân, it is not too much to say that in their day the old Arab bards might equally have thrown down the gauntlet to the world at large on the score of poetical genius. Arabic poetry, indeed, is simply music, and all English lovers of the gentle Muse will be thankful to Mr. Clouston for having placed these specimens within their reach. At the same time—for the truth should be told—these translations,

\* This is the only way that a Record officer and I can read the MS.

† [Leaf 26, back.]

excellent as some of them are, come far short of conveying the *verve* and beauty of the Arabic, a remark which is fully borne out by the compiler's quotation that "the wrong side of tapestry will represent more truly the figures on the right, notwithstanding the floss that blurs them, than the best version the beauties of the original." Arabic poetry consists either of rhyming prose or metrical verse, and the result of rendering either into simple English prose is dry, bald, and monotonous. The poetical ideas and imagery may be preserved, but the harmony is lost. This may be illustrated by collating the prose renderings of the *Mu'allakât*, or the "Romance of 'Antar," with the poems under the head of "Arabian Anthology," made into verse by Carlyle, as given in this volume. The former will repel all but devotees of poetry; the latter have a charm which anyone can appreciate. That several of Carlyle's renderings are little better than paraphrases is evident on a comparison of his metrical version of the *Lâmîyyâtul-'Ajam*, pp. 156-61, with Redhouse's admirable prose translation of the same given at pp. 468-72. Yet, that defect notwithstanding, for one who can derive pleasure from the latter there are hundreds who will prefer the former. Further, there is no absolute necessity for English prose translations, seeing that our language is certainly equal to something more suitable. Rhyming prose, it may readily be admitted, is ungraceful in English; but Preston, in his translation of the *Makâmât* of Harîry, has adopted a style for rendering the rhyming prose of the author which occupies a middle place between prose and verse, the clauses being arranged in evenly balanced periods, while the metrical parts are given, not in the Arabic metres and rhythm, which would be almost impracticable, but in English verse, often admirable counterparts of the original, with copious annotations to satisfy the reader of the accuracy of the renderings. If our modern Arabists who are possessed of poetical genius would copy this attempt, and improve upon it, they would do much to attract English readers to the perusal and study of Arabic poetry. Another specimen of what may be done in this line is subjoined. It is a versification of the short poem beginning with *Sâfir, tîjîd 'inadhan amman tufarikuhu*, given in the story of Nûru'd-Dîn and his Brother, one of the tales of the *Thousand and One Nights*, made by the Rev. P. G. Hill, Rector of the Church of St. Edmund-the-Martyr, from a close prose translation of the Arabic submitted to him. Not one idea of the original is missed, and the English poetry is not inferior to it:—

"Go, traverse distant lands, in each you'll find  
Some in the place of those you leave behind;  
Some, it may chance, of more congenial hearts,—  
Sympathy is life's charm—its bane enmity—  
No honour lies in inactivity:—  
Then quit your home, go, range in foreign parts.  
The stagnant puddle foul and fetid grows.  
Healthful and clear the running fountain flows:  
Unless the changes of the moon on high  
Revealed the future to the sage's eye,  
He would not watch her aspect in the sky:  
Unless he left his den, the forest-king  
Would win no trophies of the sylvan war:  
Unless the arrow parted from the string,  
It could not hit the destined mark afar.

The *Tîbr*,\* when from its native mine cast forth  
Appears as vile unprofitable earth;  
The aloes-wood enjoys but slight esteem  
In its own land,—mere fuel for the hearth;  
Let either quit the country of its birth,  
The one an ore all-coveted we deem,  
The other a perfume of priceless worth."

A special interest attaches to this volume on account of the translation into English, made for the first time by J. W. Redhouse, of Ka'ab's *Poem of the Mantle*, now 1,300 years old, and also of al-Bûsîry's poem under the same title and written about A.D. 1260, with copious explanatory notes which leave nothing to be desired. The learned translator does not exaggerate when he says of the latter poem that "it is known everywhere in the world of Islam, and enjoys a much greater veneration than the original eulogy by K'ab, since it recites in detail most of the chief acts of Muhammad's life, and of his highest titles." There are many versions of the poem, differing more or less in words, but in the main conveying the same sense. The copy before the reviewer does not give the title *Fâslun fi ta'adîli'n-Nâfsi* contained in the facsimile of Mr. Clouston's frontispiece; but it appears as the heading of the second of the ten chapters into which the 229 couplets of the original are divided, and is written *Mân'uu hawâi Nâfsin*, or the Restraint of (human) Passions. Another remark of Mr. Redhouse, that selections from al-Bûsîry's poem "are used as charms or amulets to avert evil and to secure blessings," is amply borne out by the exemplar just referred to. The margin is covered with notes, attributed to the Shaikh 'Abdu's-Salâm-ibni-Idris, al-Marâkishy, setting forth the latent magical and therapeutic virtues of different sections of the composition. The following two, the first appended to the opening six couplets, and the second to the next ten, will convey an adequate idea of these prescriptions:—

(1) "If you have an unruly beast which refuses discipline write these verses on a piece of glass, then wash them off with rain-water, and give the beast the solution to drink. It will thereupon become tame and docile, and will learn whatever you wish to teach it. Or if you have a male or female slave who does not speak Arabic readily, write the same verses on parchment and attach it to the upper arm; and, by the permission of God, he [or she] will speak [Arabic] glibly." (2) "The virtue of these lines is wonderful. If you suspect [the fidelity of] a woman, write them on the leaf of a citron-tree, keeping it till she falls asleep. Then place it on her left hand and bring your ear close to her mouth, when she will utter all that she has done, whether good or bad. This has been verified."

Redhouse's translation of the poem is scholarly and admirable in every respect. It is a pity that he did not render it in rhyme; but perchance he felt the force of the adage, *poeta nascitur non fit*, and deemed it better to write good prose than bad verse. It does not appear clear whether the translation of the first four distichs given at the end of Mr. Clouston's Preface is by him or some other hand. In any case, it is to be regretted that the writer frequently, albeit not always nor with consistency, represents the *hâmzatul-'l-fath* and

\* Unwrought gold either in dust or nuggets.

the *fâth* by *e* instead of *a*, a sound in these cases utterly foreign to Arabic pronunciation, and more like that of the Turks, who use the *Imâlah* where no Arab would use it. There is a typographical error in the word *jirâmin* of the first line. It ought to be *jirânin*. It is only fair to say that in the Appendix to this volume Mr. Clouston has brought together a large collection of valuable and interesting notes illustrative of the history, language, metaphors, and imagery of the original poems.

It will not be out of place to remark here that these poems are mostly referable to a period extending between the early part of the seventh and that of the thirteenth century of our era. Their production and reproduction in English may lead many to suppose that the Muse among the Arabs had fallen into an endless sleep, and that there had been no poet of note among them for six centuries. But it is not so. It is lamentably true that the destruction of the Abbasside Khalifate by the Tatars in the thirteenth century was followed by a long interval of intellectual torpor and retrogression; nevertheless, even during those dark ages there occasionally arose scholars among the Arabs who fed the flickering flame of poetry in their midst.\* But it is especially within the last century that a vast change in this respect has taken place. Poets have arisen among peoples of Arab descent whose works are held by competent judges to equal in scope, genius, and sublimity, if not to transcend, the masterpieces of Arab poetry in the olden time. The following are among the Arab poets dating from the beginning of the eighteenth century to the present time:—The *Divân* (Poemata) on Ethics of the Matrân (Metropolitan) Jirmânos Farhât, and a similar collection by the Khûry (Chorepiscopus) Nikûla, both printed at Bairût; the large *Divân* of the Shaikh Kabâdu, at-Tûnisy, printed at Tunis, in two volumes; the Poems of 'Abdu'l-Bâki, including a Eulogy on the Shaikh Nâsifu'l-Yâziyy; the *Divân* of Butros Karâmah, of Aleppo, printed at Bairût; the Poems of the Shaikh Sâlih, al-Tamîmy, of Baghdâd, who disputed with the preceding on the subject of poetry; the *Divân* of Francis Marrâsh, of Aleppo; of Abu-Hâsan, of Baghdâd, and of Khalîl Efendi, al-Khûry, who now holds the office of political secretary, and whose two collections of poems were printed at Bairût. Rizku'llâh Hassûn, of Aleppo, who resided for some time in London and edited an Arabic weekly newspaper, rendered the Book of the Exodus, the Song of Solomon, the Lamentations of Jeremiah, and the Book of Ecclesiastes into verse. He was also the author of *an-Nafâtât*, an imitation of *Aesop's Fables*, in verse. Most of his works have been printed and have gone through a second edition. The two *Divâns* of the celebrated Nâsifu'l-Yâziyy, whom the reviewer had the pleasure of knowing thirty-five years ago. Also a poem entitled *Mu'ajamu'l-Bahrain*, after al-Harîry.

\* The reader is referred to vol. i., pp. 63-141, of Casiri's *Bibliotheca Arabico-Hispana* for an admirable Catalogue raisonné of Arab poets from the earliest times down to the commencement of the sixteenth century, together with some excellent remarks on Arab poetry.



His son, the Shaikh Ibrahim, composed a *Duân*, as did also his daughter, and several editions of their poems have been printed at Bairût.

The foregoing is far from being a complete list of modern Arab poets, but it is sufficiently large to show that poetry is still extensively cultivated and admired by Arabic-speaking peoples. The subjects which they discuss are not confined, as were the poems of the earlier Arab poets, to descriptions of pastoral life and its surroundings. They take a much wider range, and as indications of the Arab mind at the present day deserve the attentive study of English Arabists.

GEORGE PERCY BADGER.

### THE HIBBERT LECTURES.

THE subject of Mr. Rhys Davids' fourth lecture of this course was "Gotama the Buddha." The first part of the lecture dealt with the intellectual condition of the Hindus at the period of the Buddha's advent. Allusion was made to the so-called great religious reformation said to have arisen about this time in China, Persia, and Greece, to which, as a fact in the history of religion, the lecturer did not attach much importance. It did not throw any new light upon the origin and growth of Buddhism. Then followed a slight sketch of the personal history of Gotama—his birth, spiritual struggle, years of penance, mental crisis, temptation, and final enlightenment, together with his subsequent career as a preacher and founder of a religious order.

Mr. Davids then proceeded to speak of the character of the great Indian reformer as handed down to us in the sacred books of the Buddhists, and showed how the human element was almost obscured by the divine attributes ascribed to the Buddha.

The legendary matter interwoven with the more sober facts of Gotama's history was not unlike that found in the apocryphal gospels. The followers of Gotama had in the course of time created an ideal Buddha, partly political and partly philosophical, just as the imaginative mind of the Hindus out of their political experience had formed an ideal universal (cakka-vatti) monarch, a king of kings, a possessor of the seven treasures—(1) the wheel (cakka), a sun-embell; (2) the white elephant, a cloud-symbol; (3) the flying horse; (4) the jewel (lightning), which, on the darkest night, enabled the universal monarch to review and to see his troops within a space of seven miles; (5) a queen—a gem of a woman; (6) a treasurer or adviser; (7) a general. In addition to these, he had four qualities: he was handsome, long-lived, free from disease, beloved and popular. Buddha had all these, together with many other marks of royalty and of greatness. But he was no earthly sovereign, but a "king of righteousness," a turner of the wheel of justice. Divine beings foretold his birth as the founder of a new dispensation—a saviour of men and gods.

The influence of the political element was seen in the fact that Śāriputta, Buddha's chief disciple, was called *dhamma-senāpati*, commander-in-chief of the law. As a universal monarch he overcame the dominion of sin, not by arms of flesh, but by spiritual weapons. "Converting *sila* (virtue) into a cloak, and *jñānam* (meditation) into a breast-plate, he covered mankind with the armour of *dhamma* (righteousness), and provided them with the most perfect panoply. Bestowing on them *sati* (mindfulness) as a shield and *titikkhā* (forbearance) as a sceptre, he conferred *dhammo* on them as the sword that vanquishes all that is incompatible with *sila*, investing them with

*tevijjā* (threefold knowledge) as an ornament, and the four *phalas* (or fruitions of the path) as a tiara." Turnour quotes this in his Pāli Buddhist Annals. There is a similar passage in the story of Jānusi (Sānyutta Nikāya, part v.).

The lecturer touched upon many other points, too numerous to be noticed in an abstract of the lecture—the Buddhas before Gotama's time, the meaning of *sammā sambuddha*, *paccela* buddhas, Biblical and Buddhist parallels (as, for instance, Gotama's and Christ's renunciation). In conclusion, the lecturer referred to the question of the influence of Buddhist upon the Christian legends. He did not think that there was any proof that the Christian myths were borrowed, but both originated independently of the other.

### NOTES OF TRAVEL.

THE name of Mr. H. M. Stanley's new station on the north bank of the Congo is Isangila, so called from the falls close by. He appears to have had great difficulty in reaching it, owing to the large quantity of various stores and building material that had to be transported over mountains and through dense forests. The distance from Vivi to Isangila is less than thirty miles, we believe, so that Mr. Stanley's progress is still remarkably slow.

MR. A. McCALL, of the Livingstone (Congo) Inland Mission, who has lately arrived at Matryanga on his way to Stanley Pool, originally tried to march along the north bank; but, owing to threatened opposition from the natives and the difficult character of the country, he found it advisable to take to the river itself, and he was, by latest accounts, engaged in organising a system of relays of canoes for the voyage from Manyanga to Stanley Pool.

THE Rev. T. J. Comber has failed in his last attempt to travel overland through the Makuta towns from San Salvador to Stanley Pool, and it seems most probable that he will now follow the example of Mr. Stanley and others, and adopt the line of the Congo. By last accounts he was waiting for the return of a party who had been sent to make a preliminary journey along the north bank of the river.

MISS MARIANNE NORTH, after several months of botanical sketching in Australia and New Zealand, is now working in the Sandwich Islands, and will thence return direct to England.

THE pearl fisheries on the Ceylon coast, after many years of failure, have this season yielded very large returns. The share of Government alone is estimated at £75,000, being the highest amount received since 1814. No specially fine pearls have been found; the largest was valued at £9.

NEWS has just been received by telegraph from Brisbane that the expedition recently despatched to survey the proposed route for the transcontinental railway have arrived at Point Parker, on the Gulf of Carpentaria. They give a favourable report of the country traversed, more timber was scarce. The party followed a more westerly course than had been originally intended; and, though travelling at the most unfavourable time of the year, after and during serious floods, they were able to use a waggon for the whole distance.

THE Rev. Thomas Beswick has arrived at Brisbane, and reports that four teachers, with their families, connected with the London Missionary Society had been massacred by the natives in New Guinea, without any provocation; and that consequently all the teachers employed in outlying districts have been collected at Port Moresby.

On February 23 M. Miklukho Maklai, whose

explorations have been frequently alluded to in the ACADEMY, read a brief paper before the Linnean Society of New South Wales on the results of his anthropological and anatomical researches in Melanesia and Australia.

DR. JULES CREVAUX has given the name of Rio de Lesseps to the Guyabero, or upper course of the Guaviare tributary of the Orinoco, which he and M. Lejanne discovered during their recent journey.

### SCIENCE NOTES.

*The Fossil Man of Nice.*—Some human remains, evidently of great antiquity, were discovered a few months ago at Carabacel, near Nice, and have been reported upon by a local scientific committee, as well as examined by M. de Quatrefages. The bones had not been in a deposit of calcareous clay, at a depth of about nine feet from the surface. This deposit was irregularly stratified, and contained a mixture of Pliocene and Eocene shells, showing that it had been formed by the reconstruction of the pre-existing strata. Of the bones, the most remarkable is the lower jaw. This is sufficiently characteristic to enable de Quatrefages to refer it to the Cro-Magnon type. The fossil man of Nice, therefore, belongs to the same race as M. Rivière's skeleton from Mentone, both being probably of Palaeolithic age.

THE first new comet of the present year, discovered by Swift at Rochester, U.S.A., on the morning of May-day, in the constellation Andromeda, reached its perihelion on May 20, at a distance of six-tenths of the mean distance of the earth from the sun. The comet has already for some days been invisible in the sun's rays, but may become observable again in the Southern hemisphere.

### PHILOLOGY NOTES.

MR. SWEET's edition of the oldest remains of our language, for the Early-English Text Society, is half printed. The Anglo-Saxon Psalter and Charters have alone to be added. A grammar of fore-Alfredic speech will be prefixed to the book.

WE have seen the MS. of a work by Mr. John Molloy on gemination in the Irish language, in which he has brought together a large number of instances of that phenomenon culled from the Book of the Dun Cow, the Book of Rights, and other valuable Irish collections. Mr. Molloy's industry is deserving of all praise. The present is only an instalment, as he is about to treat assimilation in Irish in the same way. We hope his labours may meet with their due reward, though we cannot say that we feel very sanguine on that point at present.

THE present number of the *Cymmador* contains, among other very interesting articles, a most able paper on the pronunciation of the Sassarese dialect of Sardinia by H. H. Prince Louis-Lucien Bonaparte, and some archaic Welsh ably edited with notes by the editor. It also contains valuable and suggestive addresses by Mr. Rudler and Mr. Lewis Morris on Welsh anthropology and the present and future of Wales. Interesting information on Welsh books printed abroad in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries is embodied in a paper by Mr. H. W. Lloyd; we hope it is not to be further gratified to find that the editor is desirous of making the journal the medium of collecting information bearing on Welsh folklore in the widest sense; that would undoubtedly greatly add to its value.

PROF. ED. BÖHMER, of Strassburg, is prepar-

ing a *Verzeichniss einer rhaeto-romanischen Sammlung*. He is known as an expert in "Romanisch" generally, and particularly in "Rhaeto-romanisch" dialect and literature. His catalogue will consist of a list of books, pamphlets, and other works in all the idioms spoken in the canton of Graubünden, and, according to the *Freie Rhotier* of Chur, will be one of the most complete and perfect existing in that province.

#### PALI TEXT SOCIETY.

As we briefly announced last week, it is proposed to start a Pali Text Society on the model of the Early-English Text Society, in order to render accessible to students the rich stores of the earliest Buddhist literature now lying unedited and practically unused in the various MSS. scattered throughout the public and university libraries of Europe.

The society looks forward to publishing, within a no very distant period, the whole of the texts of the Pali Pitakas. Prof. Fausbøll, having completed the Dhammapada, is already far advanced with his edition of the Jātaka book, the longest of the texts of the Sutta Pitaka; and Dr. Oldenburg has the Vinaya Pitaka well in hand. The remaining texts of the Sutta and Abhidhamma Pitakas lend themselves easily to distribution among various editors. The project has been most heartily welcomed by scholars throughout Europe; and Prof. Fausbøll and Dr. Oldenburg (when their present undertakings are completed), Dr. Morris, Dr. Trenckner, Dr. Thiessen, Dr. Frankfurter, Dr. Hultsch, Prof. Ernst Kuhn, Prof. Pischel, Dr. Edward Müller, Prof. H. Jacobi, M. Léon Feer, M. Senart, Prof. Kern, and Mr. Rhys Davids have already pledged themselves to take part in the undertaking.

It is proposed to include in the society's series those of the more important of the earlier Jain and uncanonical Buddhist texts which may be expected to throw light on the religious movement out of which the Pitakas also arose.

Analyses in English of the published Texts, Introductions to them, Catalogues of MSS., Indices, Glossaries, and Notes and Queries on early Buddhist history will appear from time to time in the society's publications.

The subscription to the society will be one guinea a-year, or five guineas for six years, due in advance; and no charge will be made for postage.

Those who wish to join in this important undertaking should at once send their subscriptions to the hon. secretary (Mr. U. B. Brodrick, 3 Brick Court, Temple, E.C.), as the work cannot proceed until a certain sum is in hand.

The price to non-subscribers will be about double the price of the subscription. All profits from the sales to non-subscribers will be devoted to increasing the number of volumes to subscribers, who will receive each year more than the value of their subscriptions.

#### MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—(Thursday, May 12.)

LORD CARNARVON, President, in the Chair.—Mr. Cheales exhibited tracings of some wall-paintings at Frickney church in Lincolnshire; and a paper descriptive of them, written by him, was read by Mr. Keyser. That a Norman church once existed on the site is proved by carvings and coffin-lids found during the restoration of the building. To this an Early-English church succeeded. In the fifteenth century the clerestory was enlarged, and a chancel in the early perpendicular style was added subsequently. The paintings, which are executed *in fresco secco*, are situated in the clerestory between the windows. Their probable date is the reign of Henry VI. The three subjects now visible are

the Assumption of the Virgin, on the north clerestory wall next to the roof-loft, the Stable at Bethlehem, and the Last Supper. In the first, the Virgin is represented in a *vesica*, borne by angels, and received by God the Father under the figure of an old man. The Nativity includes the angelic message to the Shepherds, and the visits both of the Shepherds and the Magi to the Infant Christ. In the Supper, Judas is represented sitting on the opposite side of the table to Christ, and is not "nimbed" as the other apostles are. At the bottom of the picture, in the spandrel, is a figure of a servant drawing wine from a cask. There are other spaces which formerly contained similar paintings, one of which was probably the Resurrection. The Last Supper is not of frequent occurrence in church paintings; but there are instances at Barton Segrave, Maids Morton, Stanton-Harcourt, St. Martin's Dover, Horsham, Preston, and Slapham in Sussex, and one in Montgomeryshire. The same subject also occurs on a reded at Cury in Cornwall.—Mr. Park Harrison exhibited a slate tablet, found in a shingle house at Towyn among other ancient remains, covered with scribbles, which appear to represent urns, hatchets, baskets, and other utensils, and, Mr. Harrison suggested, might be the inventory of someone's property.—Mr. Clement Markham exhibited a silver tazza from Arlington church.

#### FOLK-LORE SOCIETY.—(Friday, May 13.)

EARL BEAUCHAMP, President, in the Chair.—Mr. H. B. Wheatley read two papers. The first was on "The Superstitions of Pepys and his Times," stating that we seem to know Pepys personally, so vividly does he stand out before us from the pages of the diary. Mr. Wheatley said that the value of noting the superstitions of Pepys consisted in the fact that Pepys was far from being a superstitious man, and that, therefore, the credulities he gave way to belonged to the age rather than to the man. Mr. Wheatley pointed out some of the amusing parts of the diary about dreams, apparitions, vows, fortune-telling, and the like.—Lord Beauchamp, in the discussion which followed, observed that Archbishop Laud believed in the omens to be derived from dreams.—The second paper was "A Note on English Fairies." Its object was to throw some light upon the influence which literature had exercised upon popular traditions. Thus, down to Chaucer's time, the notion of fairies was mixed up with the old Greek and Latin mythology, Pluto, for instance, being styled by Chaucer the "King of the Fairies." The divines seemed to relegate the whole of the fairy world to the regions of the devil world. What was not of God was necessarily of the devil. But Shakspeare introduced something altogether different—more pure and more true. His fairies were the fairies of the people. He simply transferred to his pages for all time what he had heard himself and had believed in himself down in his Warwickshire home. From his time, therefore, the literary knowledge of English fairies has been nearer the true popular tradition, though, again, a modern writer has introduced the Dame-Durden kind of fairy into the realms of literature.—The President, in commenting upon the interest and value of Mr. Wheatley's paper, pointed out how the names of places and fields had been influenced by fairy lore, and gave some instances from Madrestield, Worcestershire.

#### FINE ART.

*The First of May*: a Fairy Masque. Presented in a Series of Fifty-two Designs by Walter Crane. (Sotheran & Co.)

ALTHOUGH it is not so stated on the title-page, we believe that the letterpress of this "Fairy Masque" is by Mr. J. R. Wise, whom we have best known as the able author of a standard *History of the New Forest*, which, appearing in 1863, was illustrated by the pencil of a then unknown artist, Mr. Walter Crane. Among the little pictures in that volume, *en vignette* and otherwise, are some charming studies of forest scenery; and,

although some portion of the merit of work of this kind must be shared with the skilful engraver, W. J. Linton, to whom the drawings were entrusted, there is evidence of considerable promise, and it might fairly have been predicted that the artist would at some future time attain an honourable reputation as a painter of foliage and landscape. But surely no one, not even Mr. Crane himself, could then have supposed that in these sketches he betrayed any, even the slightest, indication of the wealth of design and the fullness of imagination for which as a decorative artist he has now become famous. And even less possible would it have been to discover the latent signs of his present power under the full-page illustrations to children's books which shortly succeeded. In fact, several of those illustrations, varying in merit and often full of feeling, are in most amusing contrast to some of his later and more ambitious work. Who, for instance, could have supposed that *The Sleeping Beauty* in last winter's Grosvenor was designed by the hand which drew the simple, yet so touchingly expressive, figure of *The Widow Margaret*; or have believed that from the same easel could descend the Miss Lawrence in the *Dull Sunday*, so staid, so well-intentioned, yet so angular and unsympathetic, and those startling dancing Sirens, in 1879, from whom Ulysses had the good fortune to escape?

It was not until the children's toy-books appeared, in and after 1874, that the peculiar bent of Mr. Walter Crane's powers began to show itself, or at least became generally known. Our children, indeed, owe him a debt of gratitude; surely no one ever more successfully realised for them the ideal of the dreadful "Three Bears" and the lovely "Silverlocks," or of "Mother Hubbard" and her dog, so difficult to please; or has given more telling lessons in colour than in the *Princess Belle Etoile*, or more comically jumbled Eastern costumes and features than in *Aladdin*. In those delightful quartos, which have afforded such infinite gratification, and of which we hope the plates may never perish, we recognise his hand as we now know it; but in them, and still more in *Mrs. Mundi's At Home*, which appeared in 1879, there are, we venture to think, qualities somewhat wanting in the Portfolio of Sketches now lying upon our table.

The plot of *The First of May*, pleasantly written in flowing verse, is of the slightest. The innocent happiness of two lovers, Florio and Lilian, the May Queen, excites the splenetic temper of Marjory (unkindly, we think, pictured in clerical attire) and the venomous hatred of Mandrake, an evil spirit, whose villainous attendants, Adderstone Canker and others, are among the cleverest designs in the Portfolio. A treacherous scheme is devised by which the lovers for a while are parted; but, by the happy intervention of the Fairy Queen, Angelica, they are in the end re-united, and Beauty and Goodness triumph, as they ought to do.

The Masque, thus briefly summarised, forms but a chain to whose links the artist has appended his illustrations; they border the text as in panel or frieze, never departing from the character of decorative work, but in reality forming a series of pictures which,



in some respects, it is impossible to praise too highly. In all decorative art more or less conventionalized treatment is inevitable—in its simplest form the rules which regulate the parts and proportions are necessarily rigid, and curves and lines bear a compulsory relationship; and the more nearly this is accomplished without degenerating into stiffness and formality, the greater is our gratification. It is only a master-hand that can dispense with or vary the rules which, if too sternly enforced, result in tameness and disappointing uniformity; and we may well be content to learn from these designs, and admire the skill and freedom with which these rules are treated, while their prevailing canons are never disregarded. What compositions, for instance, could be happier, or more effective, than those on the sheets numbered xxvii. and xl.? In all this we do not think we exaggerate when we say that our artist is perhaps unrivalled.

But, when we examine the details of the designs, we cannot say that we altogether regard them with the same unmixed satisfaction. For some reason there can be no doubt that his figures in the nude are not nearly so successful as are the draped; the contrast, in some instances, is sufficiently marked to suggest the enquiry whether he has not in that most difficult of all drawing—the accurate representation of the human figure—trusted too much to his imagination or to his memory. There is nothing in which faulty or careless outline is so manifest or so aggressive; drapery may be disposed in a thousand folds; elves and sprites, and birds and flowers, and such quaintly intelligent animals as those to which he has treated us, may be permitted numberless eccentricities of form or feature. But a departure from accuracy of outline, or the assumption of a strained or impossible position, is fatal to the beauty of the human form, and, if excessive, is rudely termed deformity. An inferior or unpractised artist is well aware of this; he knows that for one who can detect a false effect of light and shade, or criticise misshapen flower or foliage, a hundred will remark an error in torso or limb, and so he wisely refrains from challenging adverse criticism; but from Walter Crane we may demand better things, and we think he has not, in his larger figures, attained the success which we might have expected. It is, perhaps, "crumpling the rose leaf" to write a word that is not of praise in regard to work so full of tender feeling, and so perfect in composition; but we could wish that the Fairy Queen and her attendants had deserved the same commendation which we can so readily bestow on the other parts of his pictures. His smaller figures, his children, are delightful; what could be prettier than the little group around the Maypole, No. iii., or the busy elves making "the Spring's green wave break o'er the fields"? And how successful, too, he is in his delineation of the half-animal, half-human creatures which, though somewhat sparingly, he has introduced; two groups on sheet xxxviii. are not unworthy of Wilhelm von Kaulbach, or of Grandville.

As a whole, we must regard *The First of May* as a success, though we do not esteem it so complete a success as we may yet expect to see.

It has evidently been throughout a labour of love, and shows on every page the intensity of care that no part shall be unequal. The text is not printed, but written by the artist's own hand; the spaces left by variation of line are not left blank, but are cunningly sown with bees or birds or stars, scattered in apparent carelessness, yet invariably falling in their fittest place; the groups of fairies, or elves, or children are arranged along the loveliest curves, and all are fitly enclosed within a pretty, simple, decorative border. The reproductions, entrusted to Messrs. Goupil, have been executed by their now well-known Photogravure process; but seldom has it been employed with happier result. Each sheet, and even the outside of the Portfolio, is copied with such microscopic precision that even the smallest line and mark have been preserved; and the possessor of this luxurious work may feel that, if he has not the original, he has at least its absolute and perfect facsimile.

C. H. MIDDLETON-WAKE.

### THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

(Second Notice.)

PICTURES which depend for their success upon the highest qualities of design are singularly rare in the present exhibition. With the exception of a small composition of a single figure by Mr. Albert Moore, Sir Frederick Leighton stands almost alone in his endeavour to present the grace and dignity of the human form. There are, of course, plenty of subject-pictures, and many of them crowded with figures; but it is easy in most cases to mark the distinction which serves to place such works in a different category. Sometimes, as in the case of the large canvas by Mr. Long, the accidental employment of antique costume may serve to suggest a higher standard of style than the artist has intended to employ. It is necessary, therefore, to be on one's guard against doing an unconscious act of injustice to performances of this kind. In the presence of a modern subject like that which Mr. Herkomer has chosen to illustrate, there is less danger of misunderstanding the scope and limits of the design, for here the attention of the spectator, undisturbed by strangeness of dress or surroundings, fixes itself at once upon the dramatic motive of the picture. But when the scene is transferred to an earlier period in the world's history, and more particularly when it is set amid classic surroundings, there is always a temptation to measure the result by reference to the severe principles of classic style. In their essence these two pictures are more nearly related than might at first appear. Mr. Long, no less than Mr. Herkomer, has concentrated his energies upon the realisation of a pathetic incident. His method reveals more of artifice and theatrical effect, for the reason that he is dealing with unfamiliar material, and is so far pre-occupied by archaeological details as to be not altogether free to devote himself to the purely human elements of his subject. The measure of emotional truth which the work contains nevertheless constitutes its principal claim to admiration; nor would it be fair to the artist to look beyond this dramatic impression, and to demand in excess the highest qualities of beauty. From a purely artistic standpoint, Mr. Long's invention is not of the first order: it deals with forms that are often wanting in dignity, and it is content with types of face which serve well enough for the utterance of passing moods of feeling, but are constantly deficient in permanent force of character. Bereft of the interest which attaches to its

subject, the picture would sink into comparative insignificance; and in this respect it is certainly inferior to the modern scene depicted by Mr. Herkomer, where many of the faces have the interest that belongs to faithful and accurate portraiture. These two pictures may be said to mark the extreme limits within which most of the painters of our school exercise their invention. Mr. Long's work presents, in its most imposing form, the result that may be achieved by the combination of modern sentiment with historic costume; Mr. Herkomer, on the other hand, urges the claims of contemporary life, and seeks to record not merely the emotions, but the outward realities of the world about him. He undertakes in some respects the more arduous task, for he is bound by a number of trivial facts that are indispensable to a complete image of contemporary manners without being always helpful to the art of the painter. If Mr. Herkomer has succeeded less completely in the picture of this year than in the now celebrated *Chelsea Pensioners*, it is partly because he has had greater mechanical difficulties to deal with, and partly also because the subject is one which painting cannot so perfectly master. A simple phase of life, unperplexed by strongly marked individual sentiment, may always find its corresponding image in art; the fact which has powerfully impressed us in reality needs only to be translated with due fidelity and fine perception of character in order to become enduringly attractive as a picture. These qualities of keen observation and of vigorous technical power Mr. Herkomer could already command when he painted the *Chelsea Pensioners*. What he has now attempted touches a different order of artistic ideas, and begets difficulties of a kind that even the highest artistic gifts cannot combat with absolute certainty of success. The scene of excited feeling which he has sought to represent carries both the artist and the spectator on to less familiar ground; it is only by an effort of invention involving of necessity a certain degree of artifice that it can be made to fit with the requirements of picturesque expression, and we are no longer permitted to feel that the painter is dealing with an aspect of beauty that is actually existent. And yet even the measure of success which Mr. Herkomer has here achieved demands the exercise of qualities which betoken in some sense a more cultivated skill than was required for the execution of the *Chelsea Pensioners*. There are difficulties of composition and arrangement to be encountered which did not belong to the earlier performance; and, whatever praise may be awarded to the result, it is impossible not to acknowledge the power and study that have been brought to the experiment. Judged merely according to the dramatic effect of his work, Mr. Herkomer may be said to have fairly carried out his intention; but, having regard to the sacrifice of higher artistic qualities which the effort has involved, it remains more than doubtful whether he has chosen the most appropriate material for the display of his talent. If the purpose of painting is to present an image of life, it must be confessed that this dramatic incident, with all its careful elaboration of emotional suffering, is less impressive, and even less pathetic, than the simple group of old soldiers bearing in their worn faces the record of past trial and experience. But if Mr. Herkomer has not been altogether successful, there is at least to be granted to his work a stronger vitality and a fuller sympathy with human sentiment than have gone to the making of half the costume-pictures in the exhibition. These elaborately dressed-up representations of the events of history are among the most depressing products of modern painting. If a painter has no higher purpose than to empha-

size the points of human comedy or drama, it is certainly to be desired that he should treat of the manners of his own time, so that his work may have the full measure of reality that is possible to it. There is really no excuse for costume unless it assists the expression of a kind of beauty which most of these professed students of the past persistently ignore. For it would be idle to assume that the representations of historical scenes can have any serious historical value. They must stand or fall according to the value they possess as works of art, and their success in this relation is certainly not to be measured by any degree of archaeological accuracy. Indeed, it may plausibly be argued that the attention which the modern artist has given to the matter of clothing has greatly retarded his perception of a deeper and worthier kind of beauty. The most powerful impulses towards the renewed study of the human form has in modern times been supplied by a race of artists who have thrown over costume altogether, and have set themselves to observe with attention the simple occupations of pastoral life. Mr. R. W. Macbeth is among the few English painters who pursue this course of study with conviction. In too many instances the rendering of peasant character to which Walker and Mason gave the charm of dignified reality has already declined into prettinesses of style which will not bear the test of literal truth. Mr. Macbeth's picture of *The Ferry* (1407) stands upon a different footing. It is marked by familiar knowledge of the life that it affects to represent, and by a refinement of perception that takes nothing from the vigour of its method. It is to be wished that the painter should make trial of his powers on a larger scale, and that he should give greater prominence to the figures in his design. His landscape, though marked by freshness of impression, is scarcely the strongest element of his work; and such qualities as he can command in this direction would be exhibited with better effect if the background were more distinctly subordinated to the higher interest attaching to the study of human form.

Mention has already been made of the contributions of Sir Frederick Leighton; and, in respect of the elevated ideas in art which they are intended to illustrate, they hold a place of unquestioned distinction in the gallery. No painter of our time maintains a firmer or more constant adherence to those severe principles of design which have received the sanction of great example in the past. Sir Frederick Leighton has never lowered the standard of his work in deference to any popular demand, and for this persistent devotion to his own highest ideals he deserves well of all who share his faith in the power of beauty. But it must be confessed that the particular examples of the present year do not display in the happiest manner the cultivated resources of the artist, and it may even be said that they give unfortunate prominence to the defects and limitations of his style. The sense of vitality, both spiritual and physical, which is an essential ingredient in all great design, is almost painfully deficient in the large composition of *The Idyll* (197). Even the most abstract image of human life which deliberately avoids all problems of human sentiment must nevertheless possess the stamp of individual character to animate the grace of outward form. Faces that display no momentous feeling should at least exhibit possibilities of suffering or pleasure, and carry the conviction that beneath the calm repose there dwell the fullest capabilities of passion. But in the languor of this graceful design there is no hint of a vigorous life. The colouring, no less than the draughtsmanship, and the forms as well as the faces, are oppressed by the sense of a failing energy and power. That this effect is in some degree the

result of deliberate purpose may be judged by the superior animation which is to be found in the President's portrait of himself. Here the colouring has greater strength, and owns a nearer correspondence to nature, and the rendering of points of individual character is remarkably successful. J. COMYNS CARR.

#### TURNER, GIRTIN, AND COZENS IN THE BALE COLLECTION.

THE great collection formed during some sixty years by Mr. Bale—who died last winter at the age of about eighty-six—has, up to the time of this present writing, been found chiefly remarkable for its rare display of drawings by the earlier English masters; not so much by those intelligent craftsmen who used the medium of water-colour timidly for the purposes of topography, as by those "path-breaking" artists who first applied it to work in which conscious sentiment and studied composition had a part. On Friday and Saturday last we saw sold, at Christie's, many of the finest existing drawings by John Cozens, by Girtin, and by Turner, not to speak of Flaxman's faultless suggestions of designs and of certain completely realised drawings by Peter Dewint, which, by their absolute and equal accomplishment, are allied at all events with the endeavours, if not always with the success, of our actual school of Water-colour.

It is surprising how very little John Cozens is known, and how little he is appreciated even where he is known. The low prices fetched by his drawings in the Bale collection established both facts, or at all events one of them. There exist by him, no doubt, more important isolated drawings than any of his that lay in the portfolios of Mr. Bale, but a more beautiful and representative series of his drawings can hardly have been brought together. What are the reasons for his lack of anything that even remotely approaches popularity? His habitual choice of foreign subjects (he lived chiefly in Rome) can hardly be one of them, for no drawings of Turner are more popular than those which record his vision of Swiss mountains and Italian lakes. But, if the accident of Cozens's choice of outland scenes is not reckoned against him, there is probably reckoned against him his particular selection of themes in lands whose special characteristics are even yet not too familiar to English travellers; and there is certainly reckoned against him his restricted use of his material. Turner, on the Continent, dealt fearlessly, of course, and generally by preference, with natural scenery, and only rarely dealt—as in *Arona* and the *Isola Bella* and certain illustrations to Rogers, and in his *View from the Boboli Gardens* of this very Bale collection—with scenes which have become artistic before ever the hand of the painter has touched them. But Cozens was best inspired, and he was chiefly inspired, by an order of landscape that owes much to the gardener and something to the architect. The appeal of such landscape—in which, when it is transferred to painting, one art refines upon another—the art of the draughtsman and the colourist upon the art of designer, sculptor, or builder—is necessarily limited. Done in our own day, with the full resources of the palette at the disposal of those few who grapple with it, this landscape—most beautiful when it is most artificial—has some chance of acceptance; but Cozens addressed himself to it with no sense and no command of the completed glory of colour. The Redgraves have rightly described his works as "little more than tinted *chiaroscuro*"—thinly washed with delicate hues. The large public has no appreciation of these things.

Even when, as in our own day, very noble colour plays its part in them, they are compounded of art alone. And thus we saw lovely drawings like a *View in the Ludovici Gardens* going at the Bale sale for ten guineas, *Temples at Paestum* for twenty-seven guineas, and a *View in the Gardens of a Palace, Rome*, for seventeen.

Girtin comes nearer to the limits of popular understanding, and Mr. Bale's array of Girtins was unexampled—finer, I must think, on the whole, than Mr. Henderson's. And in Girtin, perhaps more than in any other artist—certainly more than in any other artist who worked during so short a while—we see the change gradually coming over the aims and the accomplishments of English water-colour. He began with topography almost—and at the same moment as Turner. He ended, as the wonderful *Morpeth Bridge* of the Bale collection sufficiently evidences, with what was not topography at all. Atmospheric effect, the breaking-out of sunshine and the hurry of storm, had begun to interest him who had already been interested in the problems of composition, and had solved them, as his exquisite little *Durham* shows, with learned simplicity. Among Mr. Bale's treasures the *Plymouth Harbour* showed Girtin at his most topographical—certainly it is topography made clever and pleasant. *Morpeth* showed him at his most advanced, and, apart from its other virtues, displayed most completely the emancipation which he effected just before his very premature death. Girtin's work, as we saw it in the Bale sketches, is a most quiet marvel of subtle colour and delicate draughtsmanship; the tone subdued and only rightly conventional; the composition studied, yet rarely studied too obviously. His means were larger than Cozens's—another octave had been added to the instrument he played upon—yet even his means, in respect of colour especially, remained short of the fullest, and his greatest art consisted in his performing so much while arousing so little in us the suspicion of the reserve yet laid upon him.

It was Turner, of course, who, when the comrade and the fellow-traveller of his early time had long been dead, threw aside the reserve most absolutely. But of Mr. Bale's Turners, many were sketches executed at a period when the earlier limitations were still confessed, and the work loyally done in subordination to rule. The large group of Turner drawings, daintily outlined and delicately washed, which Mr. Agnew bought on Saturday for sums that seemed curiously low—for prices ranging from fourteen to five-and-forty pounds—suffered, with the large public, even more than the disadvantage which has been spoken of as affecting the drawings of Cozens. The charm of colour—the charm even of vivid effect—was greatly denied them, and there would be a certain amount of affectation in under-estimating the value of such charms. These things were, in some sense, rather preparations for the exercise of Turner's genius than actual efforts of his genius and proofs of it. Exquisitely delicate eye and hand are, however, evidenced in some among them, as where, in the *Lago di Como* or in the *Chiavenna*, a flush of timid colour is seen on the mountains, breaking subtly in upon the general grayness. To me, if such drawings are inferior to many in their power to stir, they seem superior in artistic value to the more laboured topographical and architectural ones. There is more of significance and of suggestion in their fewer strokes and their more limited washes.

But interesting as these drawings are, from a certain point of view, Mr. Bale's possession of them would never have made his group of Turners so famous as it was. His most noticeable Turners were certain drawings, long celebrated and historical—all of them engraved, and all engraved skilfully—and some of them felt at once



actually to gain in the engraving. The *Distant View of Ingleborough from Hornby Castle* was the first and the chiefest of these great drawings. Not only was the sum it realised (over two thousand three hundred pounds) a surprise to its speculators—the drawing itself was a surprise. A composition apparently so one-sided, a disposition of country seemingly simple yet in reality so intricate, would have baffled any genius but Turner's. No one else could have rendered such gradations of distance—a country of meadow and river receding, as it were, step by step into a remote space. What was apparent was therefore not the suddenness, but the subtlety, of the change; and—not to speak of the wonderful delicacy of the middle distance, and the perfect proportions of its objects, which the engraver (with the somewhat largish sheep of his central meadows) has perhaps scarcely retained—the manner in which the objects which are high in the foreground assist the composition, and give the key to its scale, is a thing to be noted. Perfectly studied and considered, for instance, are the angles taken by the battlements of Hornby Castle, in their turn now to left and now to right. Nor will the observer of Turner's works, remembering how in the *Isis* (to quote one example only) Turner has employed the lines of the body of a great bird—its curves only second in subtlety to those of the nude figure—forget to understand that the long trailing tail of the peacock on Hornby wall is not there by chance or by carelessness. Admirable in a hundred points, and uniting so many beauties, this *Ingleborough* drawing shows, perhaps, the most exquisite of its points in the delicate passage of gray and opal river covered only with soft and transparent shadow. The engraver (C. Heath) has wonderfully rendered this; and indeed his print, both as regards engraving and as regards subject, is among the very best of the masterpieces of the *Richmondshire* set. In theme, it has the advantage of being less monotonously woodland than are some of that series.

To say nothing of that magnificent drawing of *Hastings from the Sea*, whose defects, if defects they were, of composition did not prevent its selling for eleven hundred pounds, one must pass on to the two drawings of the Tees and to the drawings done for the *Southern Coast*. The Tees drawings are companions or pendants. Mr. Bale had long possessed *The Fall of the Tees* (the subject engraved by Goodall in the *England and Wales*), and he acquired only three years before his death that *Chain Bridge over the Tees* which he had long waited for. His earlier possession was the finer drawing, though his later had made, or had had the good fortune to furnish, the most impressive and the most accomplished engraving—a difference which it may be possible to account for by the presence, in the middle distance of the *Chain Bridge* drawing, of a certain passage of most potent blue, whose seemingly superfluous vigour the engraver has made no effort to convey. If, as I am informed, this blue is somewhat self-assertive—tends to be intensified while all that is around it tends to fade—its presence where it is may well detract a little from the force of the foreground. But, in the engraving, the relations between foreground and middle distance are duly and exquisitely observed.

The highly and fully coloured drawings for the *Southern Coast*, so far as they were seen in the Bale collection, suggest, for all their consummate qualities, a yet greater perfection in the engraving. Colour, if it is perceived to be in any way unconventional and unnatural, fails to satisfy us as fully as work in black and white, which is confessedly conventional or rather suggestive—which only attempts to translate, while the other seeks to actually

imitate. And I cannot help thinking that the sky and sea of the *Weymouth* drawing, with their sky-blue and their peacock-blue in close juxtaposition, satisfy less completely than the sky and sea of the *Weymouth* engraving, which in a fine impression are so marvellously charged with sunshine and light. Of the *Lyme Regis* drawing of the same series (the *Southern Coast*) much might be written; and so also of the *Rye*. But if I, for my part, began about them here, it would only be with the result of wrongly conveying some fancy of mine as to their deficiencies or defects, while I should perforce leave unexpressed my sense of their accomplished power. It is better then to stop.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

#### THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

AT the United Arts Gallery, three well-lighted rooms just opened in New Bond Street, is now to be seen the first exhibition of the London International Exhibition Society. It is somewhat small for its title; and, of the goodly names which swell the list of the honorary members of the society, a great many of the best-known artists do not contribute to the exhibition. There is, notwithstanding, a very pleasant and interesting assemblage of pictures; and one of the members—Mr. Tristram Ellis—does much to atone for the absence of some of his colleagues by the unusual number, beauty, and variety of his drawings, taken during a recent tour through Northern Syria and Kurdistan, by the Tigris to Mosul and Baghdad, and back across the Desert by the Euphrates and Palmyra to Damascus over the Anti-Lebanon to Baalbek and Beyrout.

Perhaps the most masterly of the pictures are those of M. Gussow. As to that in the first room, in which *An Architect*, spectacles on nose, is somewhat inconveniently examining some designs, our admiration for its expression and clever execution is somewhat marred by the impertinence of the flaming background of bright yellow. Nothing, however, interferes with our appreciation of his pictures in the next room. *The Old Folks at Home* is a delightful piece of pure sentiment; and *Bygone Days*, though not so interesting, is of the three perhaps the most remarkable for the force and skill of the painting. Another masterpiece, but of more reserved art, is M. D. A. C. Artz's *The Orphanage of Katwyk, Holland*. Whether it be the want of parents, or the depressing effect of sewing, we do not know; but these orphans seem to be having a sad time of it. Intentionally or not, it is a pathetic picture, and one, moreover, admirable technically. More inspiring is M. G. B. Quadron's *Return from Hunting*, in which the hunters are devouring with gusto their apparently not very sumptuous repast. A contrast, and not a very pleasant one, is M. Schultz-Briesen's *A Dainty Morsel*, a very clever picture, in which a terrible gourmet is cutting with unctuous pleasure a tit-bit from a roast bird, surrounded by an admiring audience. Hunger is certainly *optimum condimentum* in a moral as well as a physical sense. In *Checkmated*, M. Chierici shows us a boy making a frightful face at a cat while he is feeding and protecting the chickens. It is painted with his usual skill and finish.

M. Antonio Casanova's well-known picture of *The Hero of the Fête* is here, with its humorous *pas de deux* between an old monk and a tall young lady in white satin, with her small head and long arms. It is rich in humour and gay in colour—a *chef-d'œuvre* of the Fortuny school. Another picture excellent for character is M. Ch. Cederstrom's *Checkmate* (127); and there are many more pictures which we should wish to characterise at greater length than space allows. Among these we may mention M. Nicola Massic's *Night Journey in Russia* (216),

F. König's *A May Morning* (201), H. Flugge's *A Christmas Eve*, Ferdinand Keller's *The Last Sou* (180), Henri Pieron's *In the Bois de la Cambre* (166), Alfred Seifert's *The Rose* (137), E. Wauter's *Muleteers of Toledo* (107)—a very strong and honest piece of work—and A. Schill's clever little humorous scenes (136, 139, &c.). The names of Munthé, Seignac, Bourée, Richter, Olafson, Heffner, Schultze, and many more we could give are sufficient guarantees of the generally high quality of the oil pictures.

This level is sustained in the water-colour room, which contains an exceptionally fine drawing by H. Valkenburg, *The Evening Meal in a Dutch Homestead* (272). The chief attraction of this room is, however, Mr. Tristram Ellis's collection of drawings to which we have already alluded. Though almost without an exception executed "on the spot," they have all the care and finish of studio work, and are one and all distinguished no less by their pure beauty of colour than their sense of composition, so that the slightest of them is a picture as well as a study. Whether it be a large composition of camels in the Desert, a distant view of white Damascus tinged with greenery and crowned with blue sky, the brilliant desolation of the Dead Sea, a Mosul girl in her robe of beautiful gray blue, the gaily tiled and mosaicked entry of the Consulate of Damascus, the gaudy domes of Baghdad, the liquid blue of the Mediterranean, or the more sober waves and skies of our own colder clime, Mr. Tristram Ellis is equally at home, and, as it seems to us, never at fault.

When we think of other artists who have made similar sketching tours, such as David Roberts or Muller, we can remember none who has shown such a variety of well-trained skill, so little mannerism, and such taste in selection as Mr. Tristram Ellis; none who has enabled us to see so plainly so much of what he has seen just as he saw it with his artist's eye. There are not wanting traces of humour, as in *The Country Cousin*; and in holding the mirror up to the varied aspects of Nature he has caught her poetry as well as her facts; but we are grateful to him that he has allowed no personal sentiment of either kind, no favourite trick of execution, no impatience of difficulty, to come between us and the things which he saw.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

#### AN ALLEGED PICTURE OF MICHEL-ANGELO.

A PICTURE has lately been seen in Florence which enjoyed the reputation during a long period of being a true work of Michelangelo. Vasari relates, as is well known, that the youthful Buonarroti, when in the studio of Ghirlandaio, copied a print of "Martino Tedesco" with extraordinary skill, the subject represented being St. Anthony beaten by devils. Having drawn it with the pen he painted it with colours, and the better to execute the fish-like demons he purchased fish in the market that he might study their forms and scales. It is added that this picture brought him reputation. In the Le Monnier edition of Vasari's works there is a note, quoting Carlo Bianconi, to the effect that he saw at Bologna in 1802 the copy which Michelangelo made of the print of Martin Schöngauer which he had painted "with great diligence and skill;" and Gaetano Giovellani, who saw it in 1840, describes it as a "fine thing," and gives its size as about twice and a-half that of the original print.

This picture has come into the market; and, owing to the general impression of its interest and value, the Italian Government decided that before permission could be given for its exportation it must be examined by the Commissioners, who are at present engaged reviewing the

numerous works of art which have been stored in the Magazines of the Uffizi; and it has been brought to Florence with that object.

I have long desired to see this picture, and, having made application, was courteously permitted to do so. It is very difficult to understand how it is that such extraordinary statements in favour of the truthfulness and importance of really bad works of art are transmitted from generation to generation by writers of repute. The difficulty is exemplified in a very remarkable way by this miserable daub, painted in oil-colour at a comparatively late period, abominably drawn, and possessed of no single quality referable to the period of Michelangelo or to his hand. It is so bad in every respect that it is wonderful how anyone, however ignorant of old art, could be for a moment misled. The exercise of a very ordinary amount of common-sense and observation ought to have prevented so absurd an error of judgment. Having expressed my opinion and regret, I left, and the picture was placed before the Commissioners, who were quite unanimous in their judgment of its worthlessness. Thus one more traditional work erroneously connected with the great name of Michelangelo is disposed of.

It occurred to me from certain appearances that it might possibly be the production of one of those infamous restorers who have destroyed such an enormous number of fine pictures in Italy, and that perhaps the original exists beneath the visible scarecrow. But from Vasari's description it may be fairly inferred that Michelangelo's youthful work was in reality the same size as the engraving, whereas this is considerably larger; it is also painted on walnut, which is not the wood used for picture-panels in the fifteenth century. This argument need not, however, be urged, the late period at which this thing has been produced being sufficiently evident. I have heard that there are duplicates in various places. If such is the case it shows that the picture by Michelangelo was known, and that its fame led to the multiplication of copies in the usual way. The subject is not one which any painter would be likely spontaneously to select, and the celebrity of the original alone could have led to repetitions. That original is now lost, and the picture which for so long a time has usurped its place remains an example of credulity and error.

C. HEATH WILSON.

#### OBITUARY.

MR. HENRY HUME, who died of a fever on the 25th ult., was a young artist of great promise. Though but twenty-three years of age, he had exhibited at the Royal Academy about five years ago; and this year also he has a picture hung. Chiefly a landscape painter, he had lately turned with success to figure and portrait painting, showing a rich and refined feeling for colour.

THE well-known art-writer and art-editor, M. Paul Chéron, died on May 5. He was one of the oldest and most constant contributors to the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*; and the *Chronique des Arts* consecrates a long notice this week to his memory.

THE death is announced of F. Sans, director of the museum at Madrid, and one of the chief of modern Spanish painters.

#### NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

A MEETING was held on the 11th inst. at the Mansion House, Dublin, the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor taking the chair, to inaugurate the "Art Association of Ireland." The association proposes to acquire by purchase suitable examples

of modern British and Continental pictures and sculptures for a permanent gallery in Dublin; to provide and organise in Dublin and other suitable localities exhibitions of loan collections of works of art; and to afford lovers of art an opportunity of presenting or bequeathing examples of modern art to the nation through the medium of the association. The association is supported by voluntary contributions.

AN exhibition of art needlework has been held in Dublin, the use of St. Patrick's Hall having been kindly granted for the purpose of the exhibition by their Excellencies the Lord-Lieutenant and the Countess Cowper.

THE following artists have accepted the invitation of the Arts Committee of the Liverpool Corporation to assist them in selecting and hanging the pictures for the ensuing Autumn Exhibition at the Walker Art Gallery, viz.:—Messrs. H. T. Wells, R.A., W. F. Yeames, R.A., R. T. Minshull, and W. J. J. C. Bond.

THE Melbourne International has extended the fame of British artists, as well as of British manufacturers. While Mr. Seymour Lucas' picture of *The Gordon Riots*, as we announced some time ago, has been purchased for the Colonial Gallery at Melbourne itself, we now hear that Mr. Colin Hunter's *Salmon Fishers* has been acquired by the Sydney Gallery.

AT Messrs. Colnaghi's (Pall Mall) is now to be seen the late George Mason's beautiful picture of *Evansong*, which is about to be etched by M. C. Waltner. It will be a task of no usual difficulty to render in black and white the sentiment and tone of this lovely work; but M. Waltner, in his interpretations of many masters, modern and old, has shown so complete a sympathy with works of the most varied kind that success is almost assured. The same publishers have recently issued an etching by the same hand of Gainsborough's famous portrait of *Mrs. Graham*, which, while it reproduces the free sure touch of the artist in the dress and background, gives the finished contours of the face with surprising roundness and delicacy. It forms an admirable pendant to M. Waltner's splendid etching of *The Blue Boy*. A little etching after a miniature by Cosway, and called *Evelina*, also by M. Waltner, shows that this art is capable of rivaling the most delicate engraving by Bartolozzi. It is also published by Messrs. Colnaghi.

AT the Librairie de l'Art, 134 New Bond Street, is a small exhibition of pictures and water-colour drawings by French and other foreign artists, two of which at least have already been etched. These are *L'Attente*, a group of women on the shore watching a gray sea rolling in beneath the mist, by M. Ulysse Butin; and *Sur la Falaise*, a very modern young lady perched on a cliff, painted by M. E. Duez. The collection includes some clever drawings by MM. Antonio Casanova, E. Dantan, Maurice Poirson, P. de Tommasi, M. Ramirez, C. Destrem, Edouard Detaille, Jean Beraud, J. F. Raffaelli, C. Lapostollet, and others.

THE Metropolitan Museum of Fine Art at New York is said to be without any collection of casts or books; the Astor Library is also signally deficient in works relating to the arts.

DR. ALFRED WIEDEMANN, of Leipzig, who is an Egyptological pupil of Prof. Ebers, has spent the winter and early spring in Egypt, and is said to have brought back some very important results.

PROF. G. MASPERO has returned from a tour of archaeological inspection in Upper Egypt.

DR. CHARLES WALDSTEIN, who has been engaged for some time as Lecturer on Classical Art under the auspices of the Cambridge Uni-

versity Board of Classical Studies, will commence a short course of lectures on Greek Sculpture at King's College on Tuesday, the 31st inst., at 3.15 p.m., to be continued on the three following Tuesdays, and Fridays, June 10 and 17. The lectures will have special reference to the classical monuments in the British Museum, and two will be given at the Museum. The lecturer will treat the subject in an elementary manner, and it is hoped that the class will be recruited from the higher forms of the schools in or near London.

THE Council of Fine Arts have decided that, although the Salon has passed out of the jurisdiction of the Government, the Prix de Salon shall not be withdrawn. This prize, it will be remembered, was instituted a few years ago for enabling a young artist of merit to study in Italy or the Netherlands during a period of three years. The period has now been limited to two years, but the *prix* has been retained; and, besides, a sum has been voted for giving what are called *bourses de voyage* to promising young artists to assist them in developing their talent by means of foreign travel.

STUDENTS and historians of the French Revolution will find a vast amount of curious material now collected at the Hôtel Carnavalet, where has lately been formed a *Musée de l'Epoque révolutionnaire*, consisting of various collections of arms, books, engravings, *faïence*, coins, &c., all having relation to the Revolution. The greater part of the objects exhibited are the gift of M. de Liesville to the city of Paris; but the city has besides purchased different collections, and has formed altogether a very interesting historical museum.

THE beautiful exhibition of ancient works of art and manufacture opened by the Donatello Society in the Refectory of Sta. Croce must soon close. This exhibition, on a small scale, contained many rare treasures of art, and deserved close inspection; but, like the exhibition of modern paintings opened by the same society, it has been financially a total failure. The payment of a franc demanded at the door is quite sufficient to deter the penurious Florentines from visiting any exhibition of works of art, however beautiful these may be. There can be no doubt that this people, once so famous in art, has become indifferent to its works, except as objects of merchandise. Experience has shown that it is utterly useless for foreign artists to send their works to Florence.

A GRATUITOUS course of lessons in photography is now being given at the Musée Royal de l'Industrie at Brussels, with special reference to the applications of photography to industry, education, science, and art.

WE have received the second part of the *Jahrbuch* of the Royal Prussian art collections. These *Jahrbücher* contain not merely the official report of all the additions and alterations made in the various departments, but likewise long and valuable studies by competent writers on the objects of most interest recently added. Thus we have in the present number a learned treatise by Dr. W. Bode on the "Italian Sculpture of the Renaissance," dealing especially with the statue of the youthful *John the Baptist* with which formerly Donatello was accredited, though most authorities now agree in restoring it to Michelangelo. Dr. W. Bode thinks that there is no doubt of its being one of his youthful works. The picture generally known by the name of *Nephtune and Amphitrite*, by Rubens, receives most careful examination from Dr. Julius Meyer, who is of opinion that the female figure is not Amphitrite, but Libya, and that the subject is meant to represent the union of Poseidon and Libya, the daughter of Memphis. Other critical articles are to be found in this big *Jahrbuch*, but space will not allow us to do more than mention one on "Italian Satirical Coins of the Fifteenth



Century," by Julius Friedländer. This is illustrated by five sheets of photographic reproductions of these coins, some of which possess considerable interest in relation to the history of culture.

THE publishing house of Hachette announce an important work, entitled *Histoire de l'Art dans l'Antiquité*, by MM. Georges Perrot and Charles Chipiez, the former the well-known member of the Institute, the latter an architect whose treatise upon the origin of the Greek orders of architecture was most favourably received. Taking Greek art as the centre of their subject, the joint-authors will go backwards to Egypt, Assyria, and Asia Minor, and forwards to Etruria and Rome. The numerous illustrations have been prepared with great care and expense. Those exhibiting ancient paintings will be appropriately coloured. The work will be published in parts, issued weekly, about three hundred in all; and it is expected to make finally five or six volumes.

THE *Revue Critique* states that its contributor, M. Spyr. Lambros, has discovered upon many of the ancient monuments at Athens inscriptions, almost illegible, which throw light upon the history of the city in the Middle Ages and under Turkish rule.

DR. K. FÖRSTER, the President of the Society of Antiquaries at Dresden, has found in the castle of Count Rothenburg a complete pack of German playing-cards, thirty-six in number, engraved on silver plates, and enamelled in gold. From the monogram they are identified as the workmanship of G. H. Blech, a famous goldsmith and engraver at Nuremberg in the middle of the seventeenth century.

AMONG the many art-productions that have appeared in Germany to commemorate the completion last year of Cologne Cathedral, perhaps the finest is an etching, by B. Mannfeld, just published by E. Richter, of Dresden. It shows the cathedral from the south, altogether free from the wooden structure round the two spires which is only now in course of being removed. At the foot is printed a view of the building as it stood in 1824. This etching is now being exhibited in the rooms of the Royal Academy on the Brühlische Terrasse, at Dresden, where it attracts great and deserved admiration. No less an authority than Prof. W. Lübke has called it "one of the grandest and most brilliant productions of the etching needle." It is published in five editions, ranging in price from eighty to fifteen marks.

### THE STAGE.

ALMOST the only thing upon the stage about which it is not dangerous to prophesy is a new piece at the Criterion. It is pretty sure to be called a comedy, and it is pretty sure to prove an agreeable farce. Its principal character will be a "butterfly husband," who is tired of domesticity, but is to the last degree energetic in the pursuit of intrigue. Mr. Charles Wyndham will appear in it. In the course of a couple of hours everybody on the stage will have made an awkward mistake leading to terrible consequences, and nearly all of the Ten Commandments will have been broken with a light heart. The Criterion is the Palais Royal of London, but, though its incidents are sometimes risky, the acting is never coarse. Indeed, the proceedings of humanity at the Criterion are wrongly judged when they are judged by ordinary standards of conduct. The licence of farce must be in fairness be extended to them. The new piece at the Criterion, produced on Tuesday night, does not differ very materially from the others to which we have been accustomed. It is called *Butterfly Fever* and is skilfully adapted by Mr. James Mortimer from *Le Papillon*, a light comedy which, though it happened to be produced at the Gymnase,

really savours more of the Palais Royal. Mr. Wyndham bustles adroitly through the part of one Montague Leyton, the butterfly husband. Mr. Standing appears as a ferocious soldier, and Miss Eastlake is always a graceful and a refined heroine.

Of light pieces lately acted at our theatres, *La Boulangère* at the Globe is certainly one of the brightest and most amusing. That it takes three hours to play instead of two is indeed its misfortune, and that of those who see it, for the very simple reason that the light opera was never yet invented which can interest people completely during three hours, the interest of close and definite story being entirely essential to a three-hours' play, and there being no story at all that is worth following in any comic opera. But, this objection apart, *La Boulangère* is very funny, pretty, and successful. The truly comic element, to begin with, is more prominent than in most light operas; and its prominence is due not so much to the author of the music or of the words as to the comic capacity of three actors, Mr. Paulton, Mr. Ashford, and the extraordinary mimic who acts two characters at the same time, and makes them quarrel both in Italian and in German—that is, in notes that come from the back of the throat and in notes that come from the depths of the chest. Mr. Paulton's serious and almost sad fashion of saying humorous things with unmoved and heavy countenance is exceedingly effective. He would make an excellent Dogberry. Indeed, it is the character of Dogberry with his fussiness that underlies every modern part that Mr. Paulton plays. And, if Mr. Paulton is the Dogberry of *Much Ado*, Mr. Ashford—his feeble servant in the comic opera now under notice—is the typical Slender of *The Merry Wives*. The women's parts do not strike us generally as so well done. If M<sup>me</sup>. Amadi and Miss Maud Taylor may be pronounced just adequate to their parts, that is certainly all that may be said. Miss Wadman is graceful, and almost *caline*—the quality is rare in Englishwomen; rare, indeed, outside of France. Miss Evelyn walks gracefully through a part which is possibly wanting in the opportunity for vivacity. The music itself is of the most agreeable after-dinner sort. The scenery and costumes, and even the sufficiently agreeable personages of the chorus and ballet, realise fairly enough the period at which the opera is placed—that of the minority of Louis Quinze, the brilliant days of the Regency. Of ballet proper there is none; but a writer of a suggestive article in the *Cornhill Magazine*, a while ago, on the subject of the dance, would have been pleased with what there is in the place of it. Graceful persons, robed in long gowns and Watteau *sacques*, move slowly to old-world tunes. As for the satire upon the aesthetes with which the play at the Globe concludes, that is dragged in by the head and shoulders, and has no business to be there at all. The ordered art of Louis Quinze is not to be disturbed by the incursion of modern "aestheticism." There was plenty of art in the period of Louis Quinze. In the period of Louis Quinze one could be "dadoless," and yet not wholly contemptible. The satire is pointless, but it comes at the end of a very pretty piece.

### MUSIC.

#### RICHTER CONCERTS, ETC.

HERR RICHTER is unquestionably one of the greatest of living conductors, and full well did he merit the enthusiastic reception given to him both by public and performers at the first Richter Concert of the present season (May 9). A good beginning has been made: the choral symphony, the triumph of last year, was repeated; and the splendid performance of Schumann's noble symphony in C at the second

concert (last Monday) gave another brilliant proof of Herr Richter's marvellous ability and talent as a *chef-d'orchestre*. He conducts everything without music, and for this we ought scarcely to praise him, for it is a bad and dangerous example. Yet there is no doubt that in his case the absence of a score is an advantage. He remembers all the music down to the minutest details, and can, therefore, devote his undivided attention to the orchestra. The magic influence of this immediate and constant supervision is certainly felt by all the performers; and the end, we think, justifies the means. The programmes of the two first concerts contained but two novelties. First, a concerto by Bach—or, rather, the principal violin part of an unknown sonata by that composer, with a five-part accompaniment for strings added by Herr Hellmesberger, of Vienna. The work is not in any way remarkable, and must have been chosen to show off the excellent qualities of the stringed band. The second novelty was by Liszt. It is entitled *Mephisto Walzer* (from *Zwei Epsoden aus Lenau's Faust*). The second of these two episodes, and the one chosen for performance, is known as "Der Tanz in der Dorfschenke" ("The Dance in the Tavern"), taken from *Faust*, a dramatic poem by Lenau, an Hungarian poet born in 1802, and musically illustrated by Liszt. It is a wild and unsatisfactory piece of programme-music, and we cannot think that the cause of this *genre* of music will be advanced by such an unaesthetic specimen. The second concert included Brahms' clever Academic Festival overture, constructed on German student-songs, first performed in England at Mr. Manns' benefit concert on April 30, and Wagner's *Siegfried Idyll*. We would particularly mention the moderate length of the programmes—both concerts, commencing at eight o'clock, were over before ten. The attendance on each occasion was very good.

A noteworthy feature at the second Special Crystal Palace Concert last week was the performance of Joachim Raff's symphony in C, No. 2 (op. 140). This prolific composer has already published nine, and of these the second and fourth are certainly the finest. It is curious that only these two may be regarded as "absolute" music; all the others have programmes or inscriptions. The analyst of the second symphony, however, truly remarks that, though the composer has not in this case furnished us with any explanation, it by no means follows that it does not rest upon a poetical basis. Raff's latest symphonies, the eighth and ninth, have recently been heard at the Palace, but the fourth has only been played there once, and the second for the first time last Saturday. The form of the work throughout is clear and concise, the themes are simple and melodious, and the orchestration pleasing and effective. Mr. Prout has justly observed in an article on Raff's first six symphonies that "since Beethoven nobody has equalled him in the absolute mastery of thematic treatment;" and in this second symphony, particularly in the first and last movements, Raff's powers of development are seen at their best. Portions of the themes combined in the most ingenious manner, clever canonic imitations, and contrapuntal devices of all kinds serve to excite the interest of the attentive listener, and to call forth the admiration of musicians. The rendering of the work conducted by Mr. Manns was extremely good. M. Carl Heymann made his first appearance in England at this concert, and played Chopin's concerto in E (op. 11). He has a delicate touch and excellent mechanism, but his interpretation of the concerto was not good; his manner and general style of playing were very peculiar, so that the performance was rather amusing than profitable.

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